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H U M A N M I N D

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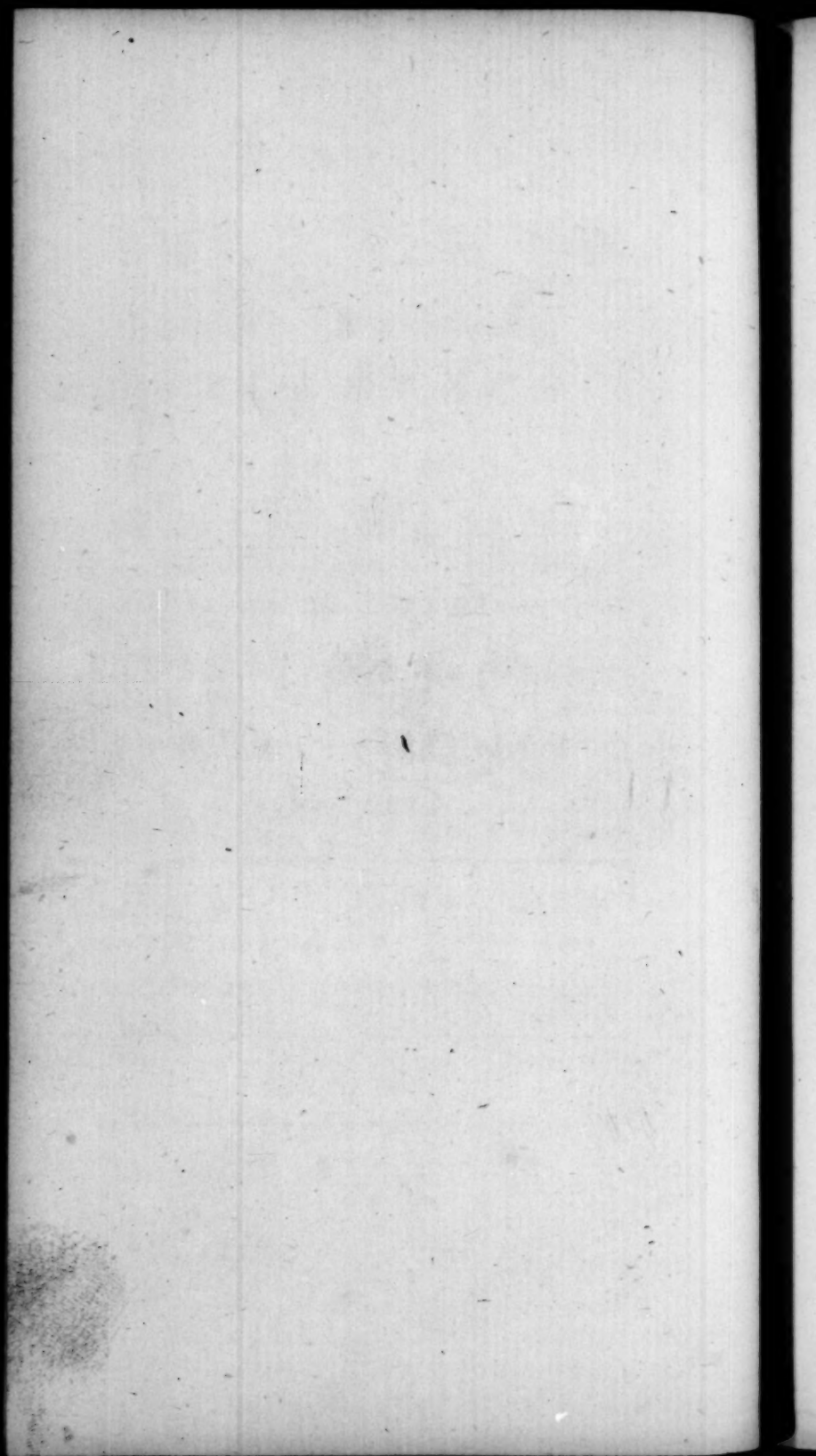
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THE
M O R A L I S T;
OR
P O R T R A I T S
OF THE
H U M A N M I N D,
EXHIBITED IN A
SERIES OF NOVELETTES,

Partly Original and Partly
Compiled,

BY THE LATE T. POTTER,
SURGEON, AT NORTH SHIELDS,
NEAR NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

V O L. II.

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FOR RATS
OF THE
HUMAN MIND
D IN A
SERIES OF LECTURES



BY THE LATE T. POTTER
FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQ.
AND ANTIQ. OF NORTH BRITAIN
AND ANTIQ. OF NORTH BRITAIN

VOL. II.

(1)

SETHOS

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

HUMAN NATURE.

SETHOS one day took it into his head to become perfectly wise; an extravagancy, which has sometimes infatuated men of no shallow intellects- His soliloquy on this momentous point was as follows:

VOL. II

A

To

To be very wise, and consequently very happy, requires no more than to get rid of our passions, which every one knows to be a most easy matter. First, I will never love any woman; for upon seeing an enchanting beauty, I will immediately say to myself, those cheeks will one day be wrinkled, those eyes lose their lustre, and those fine curling locks give way to baldness; now, viewing her with the same eyes, which I should in that mortifying change, will secure my heart from being distracted with her beauty. Secondly, I will be temperate, and stoutly withstand all the allurements of delicious fare, and the seducement of Epicurean companions. It is but bearing the consequence of excess, as a disordered stomach, a confused brain, and the loss of reason.

son, health and time; then my appetite will be under the check of necessity, my health permanent my faculties sprightly, my passions tranquil, and my ideas refined: all this is attainable with so little difficulty, that to attain it has no claim to merit. As for an income said Sethos, my desires are limited, and my whole fortune lodged with the receiver-general of the finances of Nineveh. I have wherewithal to live independently, an essential ingredient in happiness I will therefore never risk losing any part of my fortune by gaming as I do not want to increase it. I will always be above cringing at a levee. Envy no body, I shall not be envied. Is not this again as easy as to tell my name? I have some friends continued he, who will remain such, as our interests

do not clash. I will never quarrel with them, nor will they with me:—the consequences are certain.

Sethos, after this concise scheme of conduct, happening to look out of his window, saw two women walking under a row of plantanes near his house. One of them was old, and under no concern; the other young and pretty, but she wept and sighed with such emotion as heightened her charms. Our sage, moved—not with the lady's beauty, his soul was superior to such a foible—but her extreme affliction. hastened down to comfort the young Ninevite with the treasures of his wisdom. The belle related with the most natural air of real grief and resentment, the wrongs she suffered from an uncle whom she had not, his practices to defraud

defraud her of an estate, as fictitious as the uncle, and her dread of his violence. You seem to me, said she, a person of such sagacity that if you will be so good as to go home along with me, and inspect into my affairs, I am certain my distress would soon be brought to a happy issue. Sethos readily attended her, meaning only to advise her for the best.

The sorrowful lady brought him into a perfumed chamber, and politely placed him on a sofa, where they both sat cross-legged over-against each other. She opened her cause with downcast eyes, which at times dropt and whenever she raised them, they were immediately met by those of the sage Sethos. Her speech breathed a tenderness, which increased every time they looked at each other

other. Sethos was extremely affected with her pathetic recital, and at every word, much more at every look, felt in himself a more earnest propensity to interest himself in behalf of this accomplished lady. In the heat of talk, they had changed both their positions and attitude, and Sethos laid his advice so home, and urged the counsel with so much tenderness that the uncle and wisdom were quite forgot in the transporting gratifications of love.

Here as may be conceived, they were interrupted by the uncle, armed cap-a-pee. He first furiously threatened to sacrifice the sage Sethos and his niece: at length, in generous pity to their youth, he said, he would remit their punishment for a round sum of money. Sethos was obliged to deliver up all
he

he had; and in those days he may be said to have come off very cheap. This was before the discovery of America, when ladies in distress were far from being so dangerous as in our days.

Sethos is shewn his way out of the house full of shame and vexation. At his return home he finds an invitation to dine with a knot of his intimates. this comes very a-propos, said he; for if I sit brooding here by myself over this cursed trick, I shall not be able to eat: this will bring on a sickness and that bring me to my end.

A frugal repast, with virtuous friends, is compatible with the most austere wisdom; their engaging company will efface all remembrance of this morning's folly.

Being come to the rendez-vous, his chagreen was soon observed,

and quickly removed by the officiousness of their virtuous friends to ply him with liquor: for, thought the wise Sethos, wine in moderation is a cordial to soul and body. When they had drank him to a pitch, a party of play was proposed. A throw or two upon the die among select friends is a harmless recreation. He games and loses, not only all about him, but four times as much upon his honour; a dispute arising a select friend knocked out one of his eyes with the box the wise Sethos is led home, drunk stript of all his cash, and with the loss of one eye.

When sleep had brought him to himself, he sends away a servant to the Receiver-general for money to pay those sacred debts of honour. Word is returned him, that his banker had that very morning
made

made a fraudulent bankruptcy, to the ruin of numberless families. The wise Sethos runs in a passion to court, with a plaister on his eye and a petition in his hand, for justice against him. As soon as the Sovereign came by, kissing the ground three times, he offered his petition. His Majesty took it with a smile of goodness, and delivered it to one of his Satraps, that he might make his report on it. This Satrap taking Sethos apart, said to him with a haughty sneer, " thou one-eyed coxcomb! " to apply to the king before me! " and, what is worse, to demand " justice against a worthy bankrupt " whom I honour with my protection! if you value your " other eye, drop this matter."

Thus Sethos: who in the morning had protested against women,

luxury, gaming, disputes, and especially against the court, before night was tricked and robbed by a jilt, got dead drunk, gamed, quarrelled, lost an eye in the fray, went to court, and was ridiculed. To complete all amazed with the most dejected ideas, he drags himself homewards, where he finds the officers stripping his house by an execution.

THE

THE
FOUNTAIN

OF THE

STREAMS:

A NORTHERN DESCRIPTIVE

ALLEGORY.

* I * IN the middle of one of the
* * * * * Western Isles of Scotland
stands a lofty mountain; the brow
of which while the inhabitants
of one side behold illumined by
the first dawn of ruddy morn: those

on the other side see it gilded by the last lingering beams of departing day. On the summit of this mountain a crystal spring issues from the cleft of a rock; at the foot of which it is received in a large irregular basin, the rude but magnificent workmanship of nature. From this basin different rivulets have their rise; one of the most remarkable flows down the eastern, another down the western side of the mountain, watering each their respective valleys in their course to the ocean. At the foot of that side of the mountain that faces the rising sun, a Culdee had fixed his residence, in a gloomy cave, formed in the bosom of a rock.

He was a missionary from the church of Rome, which was then

in its infancy: and he had been very successful in making converts on that side of the island. At the entrance of his cave a reservoir, hewn out of stone, contained part of the waters out of the brook; where, by his pious orisons and proper ceremonies, they were converted into holy water; and had, as usual, many miraculous powers attributed to them.

The inhabitants on the other side of the island still adhered to the ancient mythological mysteries which the roman invaders of Britain had found means to propagate amongst them. And let it not startle the inhabitants of a more luxurious climate, when he is told that even in this region the goddess of love had a temple erected to her.

Though

Though it rose not with the elegance of attic architecture, nor contained altars smoking with frankincense; yet her walls were hung with the votive chaplet, and her shrines ornamented with festoons of roses, and with all the earliest produce of the spring. She was addressed as the goddess of general animation, and diffuser of the universal vivifying principle,

The western stream was here diverted from its channel, and led into different apartments round the portico of the temple; where were made conveniencies for bathing; part of their religious rites as well as simple luxury. The different uses the waters were put to gave rise to a kind of polemical contention between the two par-

ties.

ties, concerning their essence and respective qualities and excellencies. On the side of the Culdees cell all the thunders of the Vatican were mimicked in denouncing anathemas against those that polluted themselves by washing in the baths of the temple; which were pronounced to be fraught with destruction, and productive of the most dreadful judgements.

The votaries of the smiling goddess, in their turn, derided the superstitious folly of those, who imagined their crimes were washed away by a sprinkling from the sanctified well.

A third stream full and copious as the former, silent and unobserved, stole from the same fountain, till it flowed in a silver rill down

the.

the side of the mountain; and meandering to the shore, untinged by superstitious rites, and unpolluted by the mysteries of sensuality, gave life and gladness to the vallies through which it run.

The breezes which run over its surface, were doubly fragrant and refreshing; the flowers that nodded over its brink, were observed to wear a livelier bloom; the swains loved to pipe on its banks; and the nymphs to hear love tales whispered in the groves that it surrounded.

CHILDREN OF SENSIBILITY,

To you this tale is dedicated!—
Had the warm tide of affections,
which

which bears you to such a fervor of devotion at the tabernacle received a different direction,—votaries of pleasure, you would have sacrificed with equal ardor at the shrine of the Cyprian deity. Had the same generous current been led by the hand of reason and judgement to whatever is truly useful and elegant,—it would have been the source of every social bliss and mental refinement.

It is the same warmth of imagination, sensibility of heart, and luxuriance of fancy, by different modes of education, or some other accidental circumstances directed to different objects, that gives to the same mind such different characters.

Thus the fountain of the streams may be the same; but it is the

different

different channels through which they flow that give their names and complexions to the rivers.

THE

T H E
T R I U M P H
O F
B E A U T Y

✦✦✦✦✦
✦ A ✦ Passion for solitude and ru-
✦ ✦ ral pleasures, induced me
✦✦✦✦✦ to pass the finest months of autumn
in the most delightful and ro-
mantic part of Tuscany. In one
of my excursions, I was bewildered
in an adjacent forest; in vain I
endeavoured to find the path
which would conduct me to the
villa of my friend. In this situ-
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ation, night came suddenly on, and created those alarms, which result from being exposed to the dangers of some savage prowler. Chance conducted me through an avenue, at the end of which, I found a large extensive plain covered with yews, beech, and venerable oaks.

On an eminence was seen the ruins of an uninhabited castle, where a majestic Linden reared its towering branches over the mouldering battlements. An ancient chappel, which had as yet escaped the ravages of time, the clattering of a neighbouring mill, the hollow rumbling of the winds, and the melancholy murmuring of a water fall, spread around this lonesome scene of gloomy horror, I heard the piercing accents of a human voice, I hastened to the spot from whence

whence it came, and there beheld the mournful complainant clothed in black, prostrate on the ground his hands lifted up to heaven, his hair disheveled, and a countenance expressing all the bitterness of woe.

I approached him with respect and enquired my way to Prato; he made me no reply, preserving the same posture and attitude; I repeated the question again, and again, with some importunity; at last he turned towards me, and with a deep sepulchral tone of voice articulated,

“ The days are for you—the
“ nights for me—cease to disturb
“ my meditations.”

Terror and dismay seized my soul; astonished at my timidity, I in vain attempted to resume my presence of mind—I thought I saw

this being of darkness encreasing in bulk and hideousness — frightfull spectres seemed to surround me — the air darkened in an instant — a panic caught my senses, and a cold deadly sweat bedewed every limb. I fled the spot with the swiftest precipitancy, 'till I found myself at the brink of a precipice, which seemed to terminate in the regions of departed spirits. I paus'd; and looking which way to pursue my flight, a spire appeared before me, and at my nearer approach, I saw the glimmerings of some scattered cottages. My fears were instantly dissipated, nor could I refrain smiling at my cowardice; nevertheless, what I had seen and heard, impressed on my mind a sensation of the blackest melancholy.

I repaired to the parsonage house where I minutely related what had passed. The simple old gentleman assured me I had seen the ghost, who had for some time haunted that part of the forrest; that he had frightened many of his parishioners, adding a long string of idle stories, which bespoke this ecclesiastic the son of superstition and ignorance.

I partook of his hospitality, and retired to rest as soon as possible. No sooner was I alone, than my heated imagination called up a chaos of shocking ideas.

“ Strange ! said I, that a rational or irrational being could shun the light, and the society of his fellow creatures !——Perhaps he is some unfortunate lover, who has lost the object of his tenderness, and comes to weep and deplore his fate at

her grave—Perhaps, an unhappy wretch, whose remorse for some abominable crime, devotes his nights to expiation and penitence, —Perhaps heaven has permitted him to fall in my way, to awake a sense of past follies, and call me back to the paths of virtue.”

An irresistible curiosity, prompted me to return to the very scene I had quitted in my fright; ashamed of my pusillanimity, I was firmly resolved to brave every danger; and in this determination, I the following evening quitted my reverend host, bending my steps towards the spot, which was now disarmed of all its terrors. I calmly contemplated the object, when I found him in the same posture of sorrow and humillty. The rays of light emitted by the moon and stars,

gave

gave me an opportunity of watching all his actions.

Already the night was far advanced; yet I determined not to quit my position, till the denouement of this strange adventure. Some hours after, he rose from his knees bathing the ground with his tears and kisses, and retreated from the labyrinth; but with so slow and solemn a step, as enabled me to follow at a proper distance. He soon descended into the bottom of a valley; at the end of it projected a little eminence covered with box and creeping ivys, and at the foot of which he instantly disappeared: I hastened my cautious steps, but could not discover the least trace of habitation. I still persevered in my search; and at last I found an apperture in the rock, into which I entered, but with much

much difficulty; and as I advanced in this subterraneous passage, it became more and more spacious.

Is it possible exclaimed I, that this can be the retreat of any human being? is it even probable, that a man voluntarily conceals himself in the very bowels of the earth? No, certainly no. In fact I knew not what to think, and I began to loose that presence of mind necessary in such like situations.

I thought of returning back—I feared I had gone too far, and rashly exposed my life to some beast of prey retreated hither.

The reiterated noises heard at some distance, which appeared to be coming nearer and nearer, were dreadfully alarming. My courage however did not totally forsake me;

me; I advanced till a piece of rock opposed my passage. On farther examination, I found it suspended by a kind of equilibrium; for it easily gave way, and with its fall, the cavern resounded with a tremendous noise.

A sudden light joined to a frightful spectacle, now opened to my view, and exhibited on every side an image of religious horror. Here this ghastly inhabitant was extended upon a large stone, hewn out in the form of a coffin, and absorbed in so profound a reverie, that even the clamour I had occasioned, did not excite the least emotion.

I drew nearer to this unhappy mortal, with a kind of dread, mixed with a feeling of the tenderest compassion; and on closer inspection, I saw the strongest impression.

pressions of despair and grief had furrowed his livid cheeks, which wore every mark of an extreme wretchedness; nevertheless, there still remained some faint traces of youth and comeliness. His eyelids half open—his looks fixed and haggard—one hand extended towards heaven, the other impressed on his heart, which throbbed with all the pangs of a peturbed imagination. Around him hung on scrolls rudely sculptured, and in large characters, the most striking sentences of the bible.

As the assassin in his sleep pursued by the bloody phantom of him whom he has murdered, starting from his bed awakes, so in like manner this living corpse was roused from his reverie, exclaiming.

Wretched

Wretched body! when wilt thou return to dust? O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? His frame trembled with the excruciating torments of the mind, while the big starting tears, or rather drops of blood, rolled down his pallid cheeks—the picture was too distressing to behold in silence—I ran to console his miseries. “pardon, O pardon the powerful interest you have inspired I have been witness to your sufferings; I have sympathized in your agonies—deign therefore to tell me what terrible calamity has made you so singularly wretched?”

Surprise and astonishment were seen in every feature of his face.

“What destiny exclaimed he, what destiny is more rigorous! I have fled the society of men, you have discovered a retreat that I would

would have concealed from all human nature. What new enemy of my fatal existence, has conducted you to this lonely and deserted cell?"

No enemy, but the suggestions of a compassionate and tender heart. It was me who addressed you the other evening; It was me whose voice knew not how to respect your solitude. Your words struck me to the soul; they incited an unconquerable propensity to learn your fate; to offer you my friendship, and give you every possible consolation.

"Consolation can never enter the sepulchre I inhabit; it is sacred to groans, sighs, and fruitless lamentations—I have consecrated it to penitence and tears."

"But remember that the Deity condemns a penitence too austere,
and

and rejects the vows which have for their object the destruction of our being."

" A life contrary to what I now experience, would be an offence towards heaven and human nature; yet I welcome the voice which invites affliction to lift up her languishing head. But my fate is fixed and my resolution cannot be shaken; nevertheless I will unfold the shocking tale, provided you will swear religiously to keep it as a profound secret, as also the place of my retirement. That you spare me all manner of superfluous advice and that you leave this cavern never to enter it again."

My eagerness to hear the history of so extraordinary a character, induced me to comply with his injunctions. He then gave me the following narrative:

D

" My

“ My family is so well known and respected, that from motives of tenderness, their names will not be mentioned; suffice it to say, that in my twentieth year I united to the externals of person and address, a heart insensible to every liberal pursuit. In this early period of my existence, I was a consummate master in every species of intrigue and seduction. I made a brilliant figure at the gaming table while my atheistical notions and profligacy gave me such an eclat, the envy of one sex and the admiration of the other. The amiable foibles of youth, I coloured with so delicate and high a varnish, accompanied with an ingenious raillery and good humor, that I gave the Ton to those circles which were then frequented for high breeding and conviviality: in mixt companies

companies, I cautiously veiled these shining talents under the mask of a most respectful politeness, and a studied air of candour, modesty, and diffidence. My knowledge of the world was already such, that I had no difficulty in discovering the leading features of those I addressed, and discriminated the language of prudery, coquetry, cunning, assumed gravity, and the pretty prattlers of sentiment and virtue."

"In this career of dissipation, vice and crime, I intended to pass a few months in the country, with some choice spirits of similar dispositions. In our route we passed near the celebrated abbey of C***, which furnished us with a number of jocular conceits, and common-place observations, on the immense folly of those young women who had buried their persons and

attractions in that lonesome and dreary prison.

“ What treasures of love exclaimed one, are here concealed from the world! What new scenes of delight could the lover here realize! What rapid conquests to be made! How easy the road to their feelings! could one but obtain admittance. Here my friend [addressing himself to me] here is a process worthy the most renowned knight, I wonder indeed thou hast not added this to the list of thy bonnes fortunes. Thy person and figure are propitious for the glorious enterprize—thy face is perfectly feminine, adorned with the loves and graces,—in a woman’s dress thy admission is indubitably certain, one of us will present thee in quality of a boarder or noviciate: This is the very quintessence

quintessence of gallantry, Novelty my boy, will create new transports—the sighs of penitence will be soon changed to those of love—every heart will fly to thee alone—thou wilt be a complete sultan in the midst of a royal seraglio.

Be cautious, however, for thou can not throw thy handkerchief to all; but a knight of thy rank and importance knows how to triumph over every obstacle. Add this to thy heroic achievements, and thou mayst defy the malice of thy competitors.

I would indeed, have braved every danger rather, than not attempt this novel feat of gallantry. I was too jealous of preserving my acquired superiority over the companions of my pleasures; I was even vexed not to have been the first to suggest such a measure:

measure: I instantly adopted it, least some other tear this additional laurel from my brow

We returned to town to procure the necessary appendages, for a young lady of my assumed consequence: I bound my friends to secrecy, while I remained an inhabitant of the convent. I was delighted with the frolic, and no sooner metamorphosed into petticoats, than a carriage brought me to the abbey. Here they introduced me as a dove destined for the altar, and whose fervour and disposition earnestly solicited to imitate the pious examples of that holy order. The lady abbess received me as wearing the looks and robe of innocence; and I performed this wicked part, with such inimitable naivete, as even staggered my conductors.

Being

Being thus successfully introduced into this religious sanctuary, my immediate pursuit was to select a proper victim, the superior attractions of a young lady, called Cecilia, in the bloom of youth and beauty, adorned with the loves and the graces, ingrossed my whole attention. Her apartment was adjoining to mine; an intimacy soon took place, and her heart spoke the genuine language of the most tender amity. In fact, we loved each other, but with different feelings; her's flowed from a pure and unaffected friendship, mine from an impetuous passion, which sought to triumph over honour, principle, and sentiment.

This was indeed the first impulse of a real attachment; and this attachment was greatly augmented by a retreat from the
world

world, and all its fashionable dissipation. In contemplating this all accomplished and elegant woman, I became a new creature; and at that moment felt the deepest remorse for my past follies, and the infamy of my proceedings.

I began to know and set a just value on the reciprocal union of two virtuous and susceptible hearts: I even sighed after the happy period when I was to begin the career of a refined sensibility.

“ Can I have the savage cruelty to seduce this artless affectionate and unguarded innocent? Can I bring the blush of sullied purity on the bewitching cheek of her, who has not as yet even the suspicion of artifice or perfidy?” To my shame be it said, that this was the first time in all my life, I ever felt

felt the least compunction, in betraying the woman who listened to my addresses: but I passionately loved Cecilia, and therefore, could not think of abandoning an object, who was mistress of my affections. My feelings however took the lead of my reasoning faculties; for our interviews became so interesting, ardent, and inexpressibly seductive that I no longer thought of any other measures, than such as lead on to ruin and sensuality.

One night [a night ever horrible to my remembrance, a night which ought to be effaced from the annals of time!] being in the apartment of Cecilia, she poured into my bosom, the effusions which sprung from a joy of having placed her esteem on an object worthy of unbounded confidence, Unhappy maid; little did she dream of her

cherishing a serpent in her breast who was dooming her to a rapid and inevitable destruction,

The progress of our intimacy was at last carried to such a degree of familiarity that she innocently proposed our sleeping together: this proposition crowned my most sanguine wishes, and I dared to carry my audacity to the consummation of the blackest crime, even in the asylum of protected virtue.

The clock struck two—I tiptoed to Cecilia's chamber, who was glad to see me; and although I considered myself as the last of villains, I did not tremble to ensnare the best and most lovely of her sex! Like the blood thirsty tyger watching his destined prey, I panted for the moment to erect my triumph upon her credulity, and eternal infamy! Sleep at last took possession of her whole

whole soul—the wish'd for moment was arrived.

A taper at the farther end of the room threw a feeble light on the alcove, in which lay for the last time the tranquil Cecilia; this light faint as it was, disclosed to my longing eyes, a multitude of charms. O what a fascinating spectacle is that of beauty and innocence in the arms of sleep! Unhappily I was too great a slave to my passions to revere the temple of chastity; I saw nothing but what served to inflame my senses, my eyes rioted in forbidden pleasures,—my burning kisses lighted up new fires in the bosom of this angelic maid—this discovery bereft me of every consideration—and heaven was witness to my criminal delights.

The lost Cecilia beheld me with amazement, terror, and distraction

—I with difficulty stifled her cries against her brutal ravisher—I threw myself at her feet, and conjured her to look upon me as an unhappy mortal,—an unhappy mortal, whose audacity had but too justly incurred her hatred and indignation.

“ Who” said I, “ could behold such ravishing attractions, and not pant to possess them? Let me conjure you to make the avowal of your passion; and if the words of the most tender and devoted of lovers can efface the crime dictated by the acuteness of his feelings, suffer me to add, that heaven condemns this tyranny exercised on susceptible hearts, break then the chain imposed by ignorance, prejudice, and cruelty——in a speedy flight I shall become less culpable in your eyes—embrace the
fortune

fortune of of your adorer—this is to follow the sweet invitation of nature, and the sure road to future Happiness. Let us fly these prison walls—let us fly to the land of liberty, where——

“Cease, vile seducer, said the distracted Cecilia, this pitiful harangue inspires me with that contempt which I have for your person and sentiments—think rather to finish the abominable work, by not suffering me to live, after you have robbed me of what is dearer than life itself.”

Tears, sparkling with the fire of indignation ran trickling down her animated cheeks, and her stifled sighs announced the extreme agitation of her mind. She seemed to struggle against the most visible despair; She remained for some minutes in the most profound reverie

at last a more than human courage brightened up in her countenance.

"The crime is consummated, said she, [endeavouring to conceal the horror I had inspired] haste, take me from the spot which is now become insupportable."

At these words joy and rapture took place to that stupor of astonishment into which I was before plunged. Without losing an instant of time, I ran back to my chamber, dressed myself in the cloaths of my sex, and adopting every precaution which prudence suggested, I effected our escape in the most perfect security.

We had however scarce lost sight of the convent, then Cecilia drew back, and with a countenance expressive of anger, and the smile of ineffable contempt.—

"Villain

“ Villain do you think so meanly of me then, as to suppose, that I should abandon myself to my assassin? If these feeble arms can not punish my insulted honour, heaven is my avenger, nor shall I implore that aid in vain.”

These words were scarce uttered then she fled from me with amazing swiftness.

I was petrified—nay, for some time I remained motionless as a statue; but the moment I recovered from my surprise, I followed her steps, which redoubled her speed, till she had reached a river then in view. Without a moment's hesitation, without turning her head, without uttering a single word, she plunged into the rapid stream, and instantly disappeared.

Judge then my situation! I had nearly caught her cloaths, when a
watery

watery tomb closed upon this injured unhappy creature! I saw the curlings of that vortex where she had fought the most violent of deaths! I instantly threw myself into the circling eddy, calling most piteously upon the undone Cecilia, but the rapidity of the current carried me down the stream. In this state of distraction, a consciousness of my danger however predominated, and after, many violent struggles for life I reached the ever detested shore. I wandered along the margin, searching the spot where the fatal catastrophe had happened, and fancying at every step I saw the corpse floating on the surface.

Nature changed its whole aspect—the rocks surcharged, hung threatening o'er my head—the heavens coloured, the winds, the trees, the waters—every thing around me, pronounced

pronounced my sentence of eternal misery! My tortured mind realized all the horrors of my situation, which were heightened by discovering among the rushes, the lifeless body of my Cecilia cruelly disfigured. I will not torture your feelings, with my then distracted state of mind, suffice to say, that in the midst of this shocking scene, some fishermen passing by, heard the accents of my distress, they made towards me—judge their astonishment, at the sight of a man, wild with grief, embracing a corpse clothed in the habit of a religious order!

O, my friends, exclaimed I, in pity rid me of an existence that is now become intolerable. I have plunged a dagger in the bosom of innocence—here she is—here is the victim of my treachery.

The monastery was alarmed, pursuit was made—they found me and dragged me to a magistrate, before whom I confessed the atrocious crime, and was instantly ordered into close custody, loaded with irons, and treated with that rigour I had so justly merited.

Heaven however reserved for me the torments of a long and cruel penitence; for my family were soon informed of my imprisonment; and their influence altered the sentence of an ignominious death, and changed it into banishment.

I no sooner learnt this circumstance, than I not only resolved to quit my native country, but to shun the society of the whole world—This project engrossed all my thoughts, and I feigned every necessary preparative for my going abroad; in this interval I meditated

ted on making my retreat hither, which I have ever since consecrated to penitence and tears. To affect this I disguised myself in a dress suitable to the horrors of my mind, and this cave I devoted as my future asylum; from whence I never ventured out, but when an universal darkness reigned; then I visited the place where you first heard my fruitless plaints. There I seemed to hear her shade reproach me for my perfidy; but far from being dismayed at this phantom of my imagination, I was even pleased to contemplate it, which I thought wandered incessantly about me. I even prostrated myself before her, and endeavoured to appease her manes with inarticulate sounds, sighs, and tears. Every night these woods, these recesses are responsive to my bitter wailings;

ings; and my only luxury is the luxury of woe. There I asked, what are the pleasures of a sublunary mortal? And I was answered they are like the rays of the sun sporting on the deep, which are obscured by the first passing cloud.

I see, added he, however, in you, Sir, the appearance of youth, health, and cheerfulness; but you have as yet made but a few steps in the career of life, a life which at first offers a series of reiterated delights. But be not deceived by such fallacious appearances! Guard against the inclinations incident to youth! for if you once suffer them to blind your reason, you are from that moment treading upon precipices which will lead you to inevitable destruction.

It is here Sir, pointing to his heart, it is here springs all the evils
incident

incident to human nature: we carry with us the seeds of misfortune, vice, and crime—my woeful history shews it with a vengeance! Let my misfortunes then serve as a terrible lesson—and remember the important truth, that the road to happiness is never to be found but in an uniform controul of the passions.”

Here ended the recital of a tale which had filled my soul with the tendrest compassion, I had sworn to obey his injunctions, and therefore silently retired from this scene of singular distress.

The day began to reanimate every creature, and opened a new world to my ideas. I now for the first time, reflected on the train

of evils resulting from a criminal indulgence of the passions.

I even saw those objects which before I used to consider as the highest bliss, in a point of view which called up a sentiment of pity.

I entered a pretty village on the banks of the spreading Po, and by its numerous flocks, and hilarity of its inhabitants, I pictured the return of the golden age. Among a troop of blooming damsels was one in particular, who appeared to be a perfect beauty. She wore a hat ornamented with flowers, which half discovered a pair of eyes that darted fire. I was struck with the elegance of her figure her animated countenance, her fine complexion, and the delicate

whiteness

whiteness of her bosom—never did the Egyptian Queen, when drinking costly pearls, dying with love and voluptuousness, display half the charms of this artless creature, nor could I figure Venus more attractive, when in her Italian groves she carressed her favourite Adonis. I approached her with respect—she glanced a timid look and instantly retired. My eyes followed the object that had fascinated my senses, I was going to follow her, when I was stopped by the recollection of the virtuous and affectionate Julia.

What exclaimed I, what violence am I about to commit against the most lovely and the best of women! O no, I cannot injure thee in thought. I have only given way

to the surprise of my senses—my heart is incapable of an infidelity. A beauty has made a forcible impression on my feelings, but it is because she has thy charms, thy features, and thy attractions, No my Julia; never will I cloud the serenity of thy brow with that demon jealousy.

Thy empire over my heart is not to be shaken. My tenderness and assiduous attentions will justify thy happy confidence. I will fly to thy fond arms, and expiate my momentary error in thy endearing caresses.

Then shall I hear the tender solitudes which my absence has occasioned. In pronouncing this soliloquy I hastened my steps, and soon after joyously reached the villa of my friend. determined

to

to abridge my visit, that I might
return to the bosom of love,
ease, and tranquillity.

LOST DAUGHTER
RECOVERED.

I was in the neighbourhood of
Geneva in Switzerland. The
night after a life of con-
flict and anxiety, I failed to
sleep. I was thinking of the
man and his wife who had to live
in this world, and I asked myself
a question of my own mind, and
I answered myself.

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THE

THE
LOST DAUGHTER,
RECOVERED.

* I * N the neighbourhood of
* * * Berne in Switserland, Pie-
re Rigaude, after a life of enter-
prising and calamity, settled to
struggle for the remaining winters
which he and his wife had to live
in this world. Hard indeed that
a time of life when most men are
comfortably

comfortably situated, and when all men should be so, he had to seek for the means of subsistence. Hard that the gallantry of the soldier, and the industry of the artisan should be so poorly rewarded; but such alas is the instability of human affairs, that Pierre Rigau-de was now reduced to sharpen that sword which he was born to wield.

In his youth he was a soldier of fortune, and in the spirit of martial achievement he had signalized himself so greatly in the service of France, that in his nineteenth year he was honoured with the Croix de St. Louis.

It too frequently happens that courts, when they confer marks of honour, forget or neglect to make any other provisions for the deserving man. A mark of honour is
a strong

a strong incentive to the mind; and it was so in the case of Rigau de; but still a life of activity and labour did not bring him a provision for his old age.

In a miserable cottage in one of the miserable villages did he contentedly settle with his wife, his employment was to grind scissars and swords, and furnish both the sempstress and the soldier with the implements of their profession. The only care of the industrious couple was that they had during their residence in Paris, four years before, where they went to solicit a provision as a reward for their service they had been deprived of their daughter, the beautiful and tender Jannette, and from that time to this had never heard of her.

Jannette

Jannette procured the permission of her parents to go one evening to the entertainments on the Boulevards, in company with a lady that lived in the same house. whose husband was out of town. The admirer of Jannette was one of the persons employed about the house to which they went, and he promised to conduct them safe home; in the course of the performances however, they were accosted by two sprightly young fellows, who observed them to be alone and without a protector—their addresses were easy and insinuating—they conversed about the entertainment before them and ridiculed it with so happy an art, that they insensibly disposed the hearts of Jannette and her companion to sigh for the pleasure of
partaking

partaking of amusements more refined.

The Gentlemen in the spirit of gallantry, proposed to them several schemes for passing the remainder of the evening—they objected to them all, untill they mentioned, by accident, that there was to be a masquerade that night, to which they might all go with perfect ease, as they could procure habits in the next street. Nothing could be more tempting to the heart of a giddy inexperienced girl than such an offer; and Jeannette's eye sparkled with the idea of going to a scene of which she had heard so much; but she dared not to give her consent.

She was intrusted to the care of Madame de Tour, who was only indeed a few years older than herself, but being a Parisian lady she

she was supposed to be more acquainted with the arts and seductions of life.

Madame de Tour however was just as giddy and as thoughtless as her companion; and they were actually debating on the proposal of going to the masquerade with two young fellows who were perfect strangers to them, and whose design they must have reason to consider as licentious. Of the sentiments of Madam de Tour we can say nothing; she might and probably did form a pretty accurate judgement of the matter, and believed that that which began in a frolic would conclude in gallantry.

But the deluded Jannette having no vicious sentiments in her heart, had no suspicion, and she fluttered in the anxiety of irresolution, deterred

tered only by the fear of offending her lover whom she expected every minute, and of her parents, who would be impatient for her arrival.

During this time Jannette's lover came up, and seeing them in conversation with two young fellows, who from their appearance seemed to be considerably above their rank he felt himself uneasy, and observed them at a distance. At last he joined them but with a brow so clouded and a look so averse, that he became a subject of merriment to those who were merry before.

Jannette was provoked at his presumption in daring to be sulky, and in the petulance or the vanity of the moment she gave her hand to her new enamorado, and they all went off, leaving the poor ingenuous lad to go home by himself.

They

They went to the masquerade, and spent the whole of the night in that crowded and delightful place Jannette admiring and wondering at every thing which she saw. Towards six in the morning Jannette was very earnest to go home; and by this time the young fellows had found that it would not be so easy to procure their ladies to accompany them in a more retired place; all their rhetoric and solicitation was in vain, and they got into a carriage before they discovered that it was so light that they durst not be seen in their present dresses, going home at so unseasonable an hour; and from mere necessity they consented to drive three or four miles into the country to breakfast; and they would contrive some story to amuse the old people,

The gentleman who attached himself to Madame de Tour, soon discovered that there required only opportunity and ardour to gain her consent, and that she was more perplexed and embarrassed by the presence of Jannette than by her own situation.

She told him that Jannette was a modest, virtuous and inexperienced girl, and that she was sensible that she would not comply to any thing that was shameful, she must be exceedingly cautious how she conducted herself, for Jannette on her return might betray her; she became more and more amorous, and at last declared to the swain, who hung upon her neck, that it was absolutely necessary to her character that Jannette should be ruined. Monsieur de Blaire, who had from the beginning attached

tached himself to Jannette, was enamoured of her to distraction.

He could not at first entertain much respect for a girl who trusted herself in the company of a stranger to such a place as a masquerade, and afterwards to a tavern; but there was a simple and native modesty in her deportment which insensibly affected him, and convinced him of her innocence; she rejected his rude attacks with so much dignity, and yet with so much sweetness—she chid him with so much gentleness of accent, and while she complained of his behaviour, yet betrayed the most insinuating pleasure in his company, that de Blaire was at once instigated by the wildest desire, and the most virtuous compunction.

He endeavoured to soothe—to melt—to overcome the tender girl by his caresses and softness; but would by no means insult her with the violence of a harsh attempt upon her virtue, though he had her perfectly in his power. His friend laughed at his scruples and ridiculed his mode of address. The girls, says he, deserve no tenderness, for they must be artful!—It is idle to talk about the modesty of a girl who consents at the first word to stay with a fellow she never saw in her life for a whole night.

He went up to Jannette, and with a tone and manner very different from that of de Blaire, told her, that it was now ridiculous and impertinent to talk about reputation, and modesty, and airs, and nonsense; she was now in her gallant's

gallants power—the carriage was discharged—there was not another to be procured—and they could not possibly return to town—that in fact it was all affectation and not virtue—and de Blaire was a cursed fool to suffer her to whine and be so stubborn—The poor girl burst into tears, and de Blaire was so enraged that he thrust her rude insulter out of the room. He and Madame de Tour went off, and left them together.

What a situation for an innocent girl of seventeen; all the regards of decorum—the influence of chastity—the apprehension of ruin were scarcely able to make head against the powers of an enraptured, eager lover, crowned with opportunity, and fired with passion. He pressed her in his arms—and made use of every argument which love or ingenuity

nuity could dictate to overcome her resolution; but he was checked by the dignity of innocence from rude liberties; and even in the warmest moments of desire, acknowledged the impression which her behaviour had made upon his heart, and nobly rose superior to his appetite. “No my dear and innocent girl,” says he retiring a few paces to reconcile her to her situation—“You shall not be undone—I am conquered by your gentleness more than by your rebuke—and I will protect you with my life.

The honesty of your heart is visible in every action, look, and movement; and Heaven forbid that I should become the destroyer of virgin beauty. Jannette burst into tears, and clasped his hand in both hers with a glow and fervour
of

of gratitude, which more amply repaid de Blaire than all the gratifications which the indulgence of sense could possibly have bestowed.

Madame de Tour, apprehensive that Jannette would be obstinate in her refusal, and that without her compliance she must be liable to imputations destructive to her character, returned in a short time to the room which she and the other gentleman had left; and after a great deal of affected lamentation for their embarrassment, and of reproaches on the gentlemen for bringing them into such an unprecedented difficulty they sat down altogether to breakfast, and returned to Paris before dinner—the ladies went home without giving their gallants any other knowledge of their place of abode, or satisfaction than that Madame de Tour promised

to write to her swain, to acquaint him with their reception after staying all night. They made out a plausible excuse to the old people; and satisfied them that they had slept at a relation's of Madame de Tour. Two or three days afterwards, the lady wrote the following card:

“ Madame de Tour presents her compliments to Monsieur Pierville, and is happy to inform him that she and her young friend are happily recovered from the fatigues of their pleasant party; except indeed that Jannette talks all day and dreams all night of her beloved Blaire——She begs privilege to inform his friend of the conquest he has made, and she trusts, for the peace of poor Jannette, that the tender will be mutual. At
any

any rate, as she is persuaded that another interview will not be disagreeable to any of the parties, she intreats him to make an appointment which they will strictly observe. She will send to his house for an answer."

This card served more to confound that which was before pretty mysterious.—Pierville shewed de Blaire the card, and asked him if he still conceived his Jannette to be the innocent, tender girl he had ridiculously fancied, and if he was still so modestly disposed as to reject her challenge.

An appointment was made—the ladies met them in a carriage. and they drove, without a syllable of denial, on the part of either lady, to the house which had formerly been the scene of their

pleasure and disappointment; but Jannette insisted that the coach should be kept in waiting, that they might return in the evening

A genteel dinner was served up, and the party indulged themselves in all the gaiety of the table for a few hours, when it was proposed by Piereville, and immediately consented to, that they should spend the evening, which was very fine, in one of the public gardens in the vicinity of Paris, at which there was a splendid exhibition of fire-works, and dances — They set off without delay to the gay scene, and here the general exhilaration of the company gave new spirits to the sparkling Jannette; she danced, and tripped about the gardens, linked under the arm of her beloved de Blaire, in all the merriment of
giddy

giddy felicity. Madame de Tour was more grave in expressing her passions, though infinitely more voluptuous in the gratification of them.

She told her gallant, that Jannette was violently in love, and that if properly assailed, she would not now be a difficult conquest; for feeling the insecurity of her own station, unless the tender girl should be brought to share in their mutual intrigue, she had fed her with such accounts of de Blaire's passion and magnificence,—softening at the same time her rigid objections by the arguments which had been successfully used in her own seduction, that she believed she would not now make so violent an opposition. This, she said, was her opinion; but she declared, that it must be accomplished; for

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without this security she dreaded detection from the artless simplicity of Jannette, as she would not without sharing in the guilt be sufficiently guarded in her behaviour. Madame de Tour had a very accurate knowledge of the human mind; and believed that after the heart of the innocent Jannette had suffered the first shock of a rude assault, every succeeding embarrassment though it might be more dangerous, would be less alarming. She fancied that having now some acquaintance with gallantry, the poor girl would not now fancy it to be so hideous and she also imagined; that having once triumphed in resistance, she would place an unwise confidence in her own strength, very favourable to the designs of an amorous enterprising lover—so much she thought

thought with respect to the present disposition of Jannette's mind; and she said, that when she had by very free descriptions, inflamed her heart, she had artfully told her, that if they went out again with their gallants, they must look for a repetition of the impudent attacks which they had before suffered—and this Jannette heard without much emotion of surprize. Thus prepared, says the artful Madame de Tour, it only remains for de Blaire to have done with scruples, and for us to give them sufficient opportunity. So saying she seized Pier-ville under the arm, and caught the first occasion of leaving her female friend in the midst of of a croud, that their parting might bear the marks of accident—and that she and her own gallant might enjoy the fruits
of

of her well contrived scheme. The mortification of the simple Jannette on loosing Madame de Tour was genuine, and she expressed herself in all the tremors of sudden apprehension.

She now found herself unprotected, and alone, though in the midst of a crowded assembly. Her sentiments were pure, therefore her fortitude to avoid the temptation was weak; she now desired only to fly to the paternal arms of Rigaude. But alas the carriage in which she had placed so entire a confidence, she found upon enquiry was gone, and had carried off, Madame de Tour and Pierville, who had left a message with the porter, that after a long search in the gardens, not finding Jannette and de Blaire, they supposed they had left the place, and they
were

were therefore gone to the Hotel de Grandeprix to supper, where, if they should make inquiry, they had directed them to come.— Jannette immediately exclaimed, “ Oh Monsieur de Blaire, let us go this instant—I shall die if I do not recover de Tour—I can never go home without her!”

They immediately repaired thither, but to the total discomfiture of poor Jannette, no such pair as she described and sought had come thither—but they might still come—and they were therefore shewn into a room. They waited for some time in fruitless expectation and at last de Blaire prevailed on her to consent to eat a little supper.

The unsuspecting heart of Jannette was already overcome;—her spirits after a very long and tedious

tedious peturbation, were now sunk into a soft and condescending mood, while the soothing kindness of her enamoured lover dissolved her into the most simple and ingenious tenderness.—Need we go further—the innocent—the susceptible Jannette was conquered—and after many a virtuous struggle, and many a pang, was brought to sacrifice, in a moment of embarrassment, passion and opportunity, what she never would have yielded in deliberate seduction, or greedy appetite.

Will you not ye generous and noble minded virgins and matrons, will you not in the virtuous expansion of your natures, do more than sympathize in the fall of Jannette—will you not look upon her fault with an eye of angelic pardon, and confess that virtue so subdued

subdued may retain its loveliness? will you not be willing to own, that there is in the feminine ductility of a gentle breast an excuse for casual frailty, and that every female should strive by mild interference to reclaim, rather than by unfeeling pride to abandon a young wanderer to her fate? Oh, yes! there is in the breast of every amiable woman a compassion, which is the highest attribute of divinity, that inclines them to forgiveness.

The fastidious maiden that rejects the unhappy of her own sex, and hurries them by disdain into confirmed guilt, may be chaste, but she is not virtuous. Virtue is not confined to mere abstinence from incontinent gratification; it comprehends all the fine qualities of the soul; and she who is deficient

cient in tenderness to her sex—in compassion to their faults—in kindness to the falling—and in charity to the fallen—has as little claim to the dignity and distinction of a virtuous woman, as the pettifogging attorney has to the character of an honest man, because his depredations on society are not conducted in the same stile as those of the undisguised plunderer.

With regard to de Blaire we shall not say a syllable to aggravate or diminish his guilt. De Blaire had honour and pity, he was generous, but he had also passions and opportunity. He lamented the case of the unhappy object of his desires, but he had not the noble resolution to fly from the temptation. For Madame de Tour no one will plead; her arts and voluptuousness

luptuousness chiefly contributed to the ruin of the unhappy girl; and we can assure our female readers, that it is to the insidious seductions of their own sex, more than the licentious gallantry of the men, that they owe their danger, and not unfrequently their fall.

Jannette slept that night in the arms of de Blaire. In the morning she was roused by Madame de Tour, who accosted her with a gay congratulation on her happiness, and treated the matter as a piece of light and frivolous gallantry; but Jannette found no consolation in her raillery. She burst into a flood of tears, and was vehement in her sorrows. De Blaire strove in vain to soothe her. Pierville by unseasonable violence of rebuke, only added to her disturbance, and their combined en-

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deavours could not prevail on her
 either to be calm, or to take any
 refreshment. There was a sincerity
 in her grief that gave it inexpressible
 force. It affected the
 whole company, and de Blaire, in
 particular, who was wrung with the
 most sensible regret and self condemnation.
 He threw himself with
 agitation at her feet, and swore in
 the name of heaven, and by his
 honour, he would protect her with
 his life; and he made her an offer
 of whatever settlement she might
 choose to exact. Jannette, with a
 dignity that sprung from rectitude
 of thinking, said "No—Sir—I am
 lost indeed—degraded, and undone
 but I will never stoop so low as to
 make a traffic of my wretched person;
 or contribute to the pleasures
 of any man for hire. This night
 has lost to me a father and a mother;
 ther;

ther; for I never more dare to look them in the face, Do not aggravate my sorrows by an offer so injurious to my delicacy and feelings."——Her declaration that she never more would return to her fathers house, struck Madame de Tour with a new alarm. Till this instant she had not perceived the danger of succeeding in her scheme upon Jannette; but now a variety of dangers at once crowded on her mind, and she exclaimed, " Good heaven!—my dear Jannette will you not go home?"——Jannette declared she would not——could not go home; and that she was determined from that instant to throw herself, naked and ignorant as she was, upon the world, and seek in decent labour a hard subsistence, rather than restore to her good parents a daughter unworthy

worthy of their love. It was to no purpose that Madame de Tour advised, soothed, railed, and raved.

Jannette was obstinate in her resolution; and in consequence of their importunities her grief subsided into a quiet silence more alarming than her clamorous complaints, for it bespoke the settled purpose of her mind. They spent the whole day in fruitless entreaties and in suggesting expedients which she refused to adopt. They advised her to suffer them at any rate to take apartments for her, that she might have time to think deliberately on her plan of action; but neither this nor any other scheme, which they proposed, was acceptable to the fair penitent; the time came when they were to part; but how was it possible that they could

could quit her! It was late in the evening, and still she was obstinate in her determination. Madame de Tour having exhausted all her rhetoric in persuasion, now had recourse to menaces, and exclaimed that she would drag her home by force.

The woman was desperate, and her clamours, and the consequent disturbance, were so high, that the officers of the police, who were passing at the time, knowing the hotel to be a place of no very honourable repute, broke in with very little ceremony, and demanded the cause of the outcry. The gentlemen in the heat of their juvenile passions gave them a very short answer; and Pierville in particular, whose temper was naturally hot, and irritable struck one of them a blow. A fracas ensued; and after
a severe

a severe struggle, and some bloodshed, they were all taken into custody, and lodged in a little miserable prison for the night.

The blows made the officers resist even the efficacy of bribes; nor could the gentlemen prevail upon them, by any argument or explanation, to treat the ladies as other than common strumpets.

The situation of poor Jannette was rendered still more grievous by the accusation of Madame de Tour who attributed to her frowardness all the misfortunes which had befallen them. not conceiving that her own conduct had any share in the business.

In the morning they were carried along with a set of unhappy women, who had been taken up in the various houses and lanes, before a magistrate. He gravely reproved

reproved the gentlemen for the debauchery into which they had run, and falling into the same error with his officers, declared that he would immediately commit the ladies.

They argued a long time, but all in vain; when a thought striking de Blaire, he begged to have the honour of speaking with the magistrate apart; they went into another room, and he communicated to him freely the circumstances of the ladies; and said, that he had perhaps, the power of saving from wretchedness and ruin the unhappy girl who had determined not to return to her father's house. The magistrate, by accident, was humane. He fell in with the wishes of de Blaire, and said that he would, under pretence of committing her for a month to prison,
place

place her under the care of a decent family in the neighbourhood where she would have time and opportunity to think, with more composure, of what she had to do; and as to Madame de Tour, he would, after the departure of Jannette discharge her. This accordingly was done;—the distress of the unfortunate girl cannot be conceived.

They were led to imagine that they were going to different places of confinement, and were separated never to meet again. Pier-ville attended Madame de Tour, and on her discharge they retired to a tavern, to concert a story to amuse the parents of Jannette.

After revolving every probable falsehood that ingenuity could invent she exclaimed, that it was impossible that she could ever return, and threw herself into the arms of Pier-ville,

ville, declaring that she would live and die with him. Pierville did not receive the offer with that warm gratitude and transport, which a lady, who makes so generous an offer, has a right to expect.

“ Undoubtedly, Madam, said Pierville, with a coldness very ill suited to the terms of his address, I shall be enraptured with your love; but do you not imagine that it would be better to conduct our intrigue with a little more regard to your character, which surely might be done by your continuing to live, as usual, at the house of Monsieur Rigaude.” Oh, No, Sir, no—I cannot live a moment without you. What, can I stoop to see you occasionally—to be subservient to your pleasures, and to meet you just when and where you may condescend to appoint.—No, Sir, I am
not

not to be purchased on such easy terms."

Pierville was forced from politeness to accede to her conditions, and he immediately placed her in convenient apartments, which he hired by the week.

Monsieur Rigaude, the father of Jannette, waited in the most cruel and agonizing suspense two days for her return. He and his wife were tortured with the indulgence of the wildest apprehensions; and they took every measure, without effect, to gain tidings of their lost daughter; they advertised her in the newspapers; they went to every place of public resort; they enquired, and described her in every corner; but in vain. At last, with heavy hearts, and with broken spirits, the unfortunate Rigaude gave up the pursuit both of a place, and
of

of their daughter, and retired to a village in Switzerland, where he submitted to the mean employment of a sword cutler, and scissars grinder. What a degradation for the man, who had been accustomed for more than thirty years to wield his sword in the field of battle, and to lead a brave company to the post of honour! But such, alas! are the transitions of human fortune; and he has more true merit, who with heroism accommodates himself to his circumstances, than he who weakly retains the pride of rank, when the means of supporting it are gone.

Jannette was placed under the conduct of a good motherly sort of a woman, whose only information and instructions respecting her, were, that she should be treated with great tenderness, but

no condition to suffer her to go abroad.—De Blaire visited her almost every hour—soothed her sorrows—and incessantly strove to conciliate her affections, to admit his carresses, and to consent to live with him.

Jannette behaved with great constancy of mind, and preserved the dignity of an unvitiated nature.

Her thoughts were all directed to her unhappy parents; and she had not a moment of ease from the tortures of reflection. But oh! my female readers! never dare to trust yourselves to the danger of assiduous seduction. Trust not to the strength of your natures; for there is more danger in the unwise confidence to the bold, than in the easy volatility of the timorous.

The danger is not so much in the ardour, as in the constancy of an attack;

attack; for the mind is familiarized and loses its abhorrence, and gradually its objection, to licentious pleasure.

The persevering and ardent de Blaire, by slow degrees, won upon the reason as well as the heart of Jannette—and she was at length prevailed on to retire with him to his country seat; but before she left Paris, she insisted on de Blaires going to the house of her parents, and making enquiries concerning them. He returned with the intelligence, that he and his wife had gone to settle in Switzerland, but they knew not in what place, and that Madame de Tour, had never been heard of since. In the course of a few days Jannette and her lover drove into the country, and took up their residence at a neat agreeable villa, about fifty miles

from the metropolis. Jannette had every thing which the generosity of the enamoured de Blaire could give her; but she wanted that which was necessary to make every other thing sweet and comfortable she wanted peace within; she could not forget that her conduct had been criminal she could not for an instant drive from her mind the circumstances of her being a kept mistress. She loved de Blaire to distraction—and she was so torn between the compunctions of conscience, and the affections of the heart, that her resolution wavered between a determination to leave him and a wish to stay.

She proved pregnant; and now there was a new and a lively argument against her hastily quitting his protecting arms. She was delivered of a beautiful boy, to whom de
Blairc

Blair gave his father's name, proud to acknowledge him, and declaring that he should be his heir these were grateful sounds to the tender Jannette; but still her mind was uneasy; and she formed various plans for settling herself in some decent employment, by which she might gain a subsistence for herself and boy.

Several months elapsed in a state of mental irresolution, when at length, she roused herself from inactivity and doubt, and determined to seek her father in his poor retirement.

Knowing the sentiments of de Blair, she resolved to depart without his knowledge; and after much hesitation, and many struggles between love and virtue, she wrote the following letter, and laid it on his dressing table:

K 3

Dear

Dear Sir,

The conflict is past. I have strove, in vain, to resume my natural station in life; but I have been held by ties too strong for my weak reason to overcome. Pardon me for being so frail, my dear de Blaire. Had you been less deserving, I had been more virtuous. But I can no longer live at variance with myself—I can no longer endure to draw a subsistence from prostitution. Were I your equal in rank and fortune, perhaps I should be less scrupulous.

I will not belie my feelings so much as to say that I should violently condemn an amour so sympathetic, so fine and so exquisite as ours, although destitute of legal forms, but to degrade myself by an attempt, which all your condescension

descension cannot rescue from inferiority—to stoop to a maintenance from the man of my heart—from the father of my boy—oh—no de Blaire—It can not be—it looks like traffic—and I fly from the situation—from you—from all that I hold estimable in life—to precarious fortune, but to certain independence. Farewell—and may the God of heaven and earth be with you.

Having bathed this letter with a torrent of tears, Jannette took her infant in her arms, and the same night left the house.

The unhappy wanderer went forth at an hour the most hazardous and inconvenient.

She knew not a mile of her way, but she took the road which led to the quarter of the country which

which she wished to traverse. She had not travelled a mile when she reached the top of a broad and extensive down, from which, as the moon shone with uncommon brightness, she commanded a wide and various prospect.

A number of roads crossed one another, and poor Jannette, ignorant and bewildered, stopped, and looked around her, hesitating which of all the paths to take.

“The world was all before her,

“where to chuse

“Her place of rest, and Providence:

“her guide.

She pressed her infant to her heart, and breathed a short prayer to the Guide of the wanderer, and the Father of those who have none to help them.—Her child smiled.

in

in her face, and a gleam of unaccustomed joy started from her heart—the happy fruit of the virtuous step she had taken. The young traveller walked several miles before morning, and took shelter, about six o'clock, in the house of a cottager by the road side, where she got some refreshment for herself and infant, and being very much fatigued, she retired to bed, and took a few hours sleep.

It was her purpose to get to a neighbouring village through which the diligences pass, and where she had hopes of taking a seat, and being conveyed to Switzerland by easy journeys.

De Blaire who had spent the day abroad, came home at a late hour, and with his common ardour hurried to the chamber of his Janette

nette. It was empty cold and comfortless. He stood petrified with astonishment. After some time he rung the bell with violence and demanded of every servant where their mistress was; not one of them had seen her for some hours; he ran into every room of the house with frantic rapidity, and on his own dressing table found the letter which the fair fugitive had left for him.

It is impossible to describe his agonies on reading her epistle—he stood for some time convulsed—he had neither the power of speech, of action, or of thought; but when his faculties returned, he burst into the most ungovernable rage, and without thinking for a moment of the course to be pursued, ordered every servant and man in the neighbourhood to mount and scour the

the country for the recovery of Jannette.

The lady apprehending that he would do this, had intreated of the villager, at whose house she stopped, to keep her concealed; but happily not one of de Blaire's people called at the miserable hut, and they returned the next day mutually to relate their bad success.

De Blaire hastily judged that she must have gone to Paris, set out instantly for the city, determining to recover Jannette or die in the pursuit. In the mean time Jannette remained at her low dwelling. She had not parted with de Blaire without agony, and hearing from the poor man, where she was, of the noise and tumult which her departure had made, and the effect it had on the father of her infant
her

her tenderness was awakened—her resolution failed—and in a contest between love and virtue her strength was subdued, and she grew exceedingly ill.

She continued very much disordered for some days, during which time her infant was her only consolation in the intervals of composure, and the name of her beloved de Blaire her only topic in the ravings of affection. By the kindness of the cotager—and his wife she recovered and her mind gradually became serene—a happiness which flowed from reflection, and which would always strengthen as it grew.

In fine, after living here perfectly concealed for a week, she ventured forth in the evening, attended by the man of the house, who had previously taken a seat for
for

for her in one of the coaches, which came through a village at the distance of five miles. No accident happened to her in the course of her journey; she kept up her spirits, and arrived at the city of Geneva.

She was now come to the place of her destination, and without any loss of time, she proceeded to take the measures which she thought conducive to the recovery of her parents. Her stock of money was not large, and she had only a small bundle of cloaths; the strictest œconomy was therefore necessary to manage her little concerns and with this view, she took a small apartment for a week or two, untill she should wait the effect of the advertisements she had published, and the enquiries she had made,

On the third day, she was visited in her room by a woman who lodged in the same house. This person with most artful addresses got into her favour, and by pretending to be very much interested in her welfare, got from her the nature of her condition. Jannette was still exquisitely beautiful. The riches and bloom of her countenance had yielded to a melting softness, flowing from melancholy, which, if possible, made it more inviting than before. This new acquaintance, whose name was Laire was by birth a Parisian, and by no means very rigid in her notions of virtue.

She formed the resolution of trying to seduce the mind of Jannette; with this view she incessantly pestered her with attacks, not of a direct kind, for these Jannette would

would not have borne, but in a file of insinuation, which she at best could only suspect to be licentious.

Above all things she intreated her indulgence to introduce a gentleman who, she pretended, had seen her at the window, and was captivated with her beauty. This gentleman she said, was an officer and relation of hers. Finding all intreaties to be vain, she took another course; she had filled the gentleman's brain with praises of the beauty of Jannette, and being a man of very free manners, he was readily duped into a scheme to gain Jannette. One night he was led by Laire into her own apartment, and ordered to remain there till she should pave his reception with Jannette.

L 2

The

The woman was more than commonly assiduous, and by various stratagems tried to prepare her mind for the scene that was to follow. She asked her what she could possibly get by going in pursuit of her father, when, perhaps, there might be within a hundred yards a gentleman of youth, generosity, and fortune, ready to pour out his whole soul at her feet. Jannette heard all these things with chilling indifference, and all the woman's insinuations were lost. In short she plainly found that only violence could be successful and about midnight she took her leave. After waiting for some time, she conducted the gentleman to the door of her apartment, and in a low voice she begged her to open the door, as she had left something which she wanted; the unsuspect-
ing

ing Jannette, although almost undrest, and ready to step into bed, unlocked the door, when the gentleman instantly rushed in, and caught her in his arms. Jannette screamed, and fell lifeless on the door.

The gentleman had humanity, and most heartily repented of his rash conduct; when she recovered, she found herself reclining on his arm, and, looking in his face, recollected him instantly—to be no other than the violent and debauched Pierville.—As the blood returned to her face, he also remembered her, and shrunk into the ground with shame and repentance. He was a man by no means to be checked by female modesty, or by moral precept, but the point of honour was active in his mind, and Jannette, as the mistress of his

L 3

friend,

friend, was sacred. He hastily begged an apology for his behaviour, and only intreated that she would suffer him to wait, on her in the morning, as he had something to communicate respecting poor de Blaire. Poor de Blaire! the word vibrated on the heart of Jannette, and more than one-half softened her resentment against Pierville. She dropt a tear, and wished him instantly to leave her. He obeyed, and she shut herself in to give a loose to feelings which may easily be imagined. All thoughts of sleep were chased from her head, and she employed the whole night in reflections of the most uneasy kind. She wished, and she feared to be informed of the situation of de Blaire. Her tenderness was awakened, and the morning found her in a state of doubt and irresolution.

tion. She called for the landlady of the house, to whom she paid the rent of her lodgings, telling her, that she should depart in the evening, and desiring above all things that no person whatever, might be permitted to see her, as she had been so scandalously treated by her fellow lodger.

After much hesitation, she determined to go to Berne, where there was some likelihood of hearing of her father, as his relations came originally from that neighbourhood. Having taken this resolution, her mind was easier, and she composed herself to rest. At night, with the greatest precaution, she stole down stairs, and went to the house from which the carriages set out, and took a place for Berne, at which she arrived the next day. Here she made many enquiries all fruitless.--

The

The unfortunate Candaire was in too humble a station to be known; and she in vain took every probable method to discover his retreat.—At length her small purse began to fail her—she saw approaching want, and in the consideration of her poor infant, she began to repent that she had not continued to live with her dear de Blaire—but these were only casual feelings, and they were severely reproached by her returning virtue. The people with whom she lived were industrious and friendly.—They saw that she was poor and helpless—they knew part of her story, and pitied her.—By their advice she determined to take in needle-work, and endeavour by this means to support herself and child, in order to take the advantages of time, hoping, and still believing it might give tidings of his father.

In a

In this way she employed herself for about a month, when one day having occasion to get her scissars sharpened—Gentle Reader! do not despise the trifling circumstance, for even by such trivial occurrences as this, doth Providence work its wonders in the protection of the unhappy.—She enquired where she might have them done—she was directed to the further end of the town, to a mean cottage, where she was told, that a decayed gentleman, maintained himself by that poor employment. She went to the place, and found it as described. The old man in taking from her the scissars did not raise his head; he wore spectacles, and had a pipe in his mouth. His wife sat behind him weaving lace, and a little boy was employed in turning the wheel of the grindstone.—

There

There was an air of neatness and order in the disposition of the utensils, and a cleanliness in the place, which seemed to indicate that the proprietors had seen better days. "This is a poor employment" says Jannette, in a tone of voice, the most gentle and soothing—the man heaved a sigh without raising his head—"I am mistaken" says Jannette still softening her voice—"If you have been always used to this trade." He sighed again, "I beg your pardon," says Jannette, for being so inquisitive—"I am not rude—but my heart was subdued on entering your low dwelling, and I know not why I am interested in your story!" While she was speaking these words, there was something struck his ear with uncommon force, and lifting up his head and taking off his glasses, their eyes

eyes met each other, when—God of Heaven!—it was de Candaire, the father of Jannette.

He caught his daughter as she was falling to the ground ; the mother rose and grasped them both in her arms. In this attitude they stood hanging to each others bosoms for some time, until called to recollection by the cries of her infant who in this dear embrace had been forgot ; but it smiled in the face of the old man, as he took it in his arms, and without being told that it belonged to Jannette, he lavished on it all the fondness of a grandfather.

Gradually they became composed and Jannette in the openness and honesty of her nature, told them her unhappy story. The blood of the veteran and proud soldier mounted into the face of de Candaire at
one

one passage—at another, the tears trickled down his withered cheek.

Jannette concluded her narrative with these words—"I come to you thus polluted, not hoping that I can be pardoned—not wishing that my guilt should be forgotten. I have only the presumption to request that you will give me leave to work for your livelihood—and to cherish your declining life."

Her parents mutually snatched her to their hearts, and exclaimed—
 "We do forgive you, my child, we do forgive you and you shall never leave us till we die."—Peace was by this means restored to the unfortunate family.

De Blaire some weeks after found them out, but all his offers and efforts to serve them were in vain. He pleaded—urged them to give him the hand of Jannette in marriage,

ge, as a poor recompence for the injury he had done her. "No" exclaimed de Candaire, "It shall never be said, that the daughter of the gentleman who brandished that sword with honour," pointing to his sword, which hung over the chimney "submitted to receive her undoer as her husband. You have degraded her from her rank, and made her unfit to accept the hand of any other man—and you must pardon us if we are too proud to accept of yours.

De Blaire was the most miserable of the whole—he declared however, that one thing was in his power, which was to settle his whole fortune on his son, and this he did. He then departed, as his presence roused all the sensibility and affections of Jannette.

The lost daughter thus recovered both by virtue and her parents, by degrees resumed her chearfulness, and found that the only true felicity consisted in the pure feelings of a heart conscious of well-doing.

THE
SHRUBBERY,

A

T A L E.

* Y * O U N G Melmoth went
* * * down in the summer to
*** his father's seat, in Westmoreland
where, being of an active disposition, and having no companion but a German flute, and the works of a few favorite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit
of

the wild fowl, which abound in the lake of that romantic county that he had gained the banks of Winandermere the solemn colouring of this magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore, all this concurring with the reflections of his being at such a distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round amidst this terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm-house peeping forth from a grove of old trees; after a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing through several lonely dells, shaded with beeches, and overrun with wild flowers, he arrived.

rived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermitting their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbels. or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of brush wood that resisted its current. A seat in the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to sit down and contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and
raising

raising his hand to its muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the waterfall.

He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sound of a harpsichord accompanied by a female voice. The air was pathetic in the highest degree, and though he could not distinguish the words the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him; for his constitution was naturally warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired.

He laid down his gun, and taking out his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming

ing the stranger checked his hand, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass-plot, planted round with evergreens, in the entrance of which stood a small stone temple.

A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico hung down in festoons on each side. On the frieze was this inscription: "Dedicated to Sensibility." As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return but concluding from the silence that the person to whom he was indebted for them, had retired, with

with a trembling hand he opened the door.

The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting it's leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words from Sterne: "Eternal
"Fountain of my feelings! 'tis here
"I trace thee!" A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it.

Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of Emma Corbett, and opened at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where she had left the remains of a husband, and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at his door, supported by his servants
and

and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted.

The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded that the reader had thrown down her book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard. He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain, white muslin night-gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her which struck him. She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity

opportunity of examining her, Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness and such delicacy in them, that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the world. Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The God of Love is a gentle Deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed, that the wound is
deepest

deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight, he left the apartment, and turning down a dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity, overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak, which grew at its entrance.

A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring, which gushed from a corner of the roof at the further end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side. Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin, which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when he saw him, it flew immediately out again.

“ And

“ and will you fly from me,
 “ gentle bird?” said he bending
 down and stretching out his hand,
 “ Though I am not the fair being
 “ you took me for, I would not
 “ hurt you, indeed I would not, I
 “ would cherish you for her sake.”

As he said these words he rose up
 and continued his ramble until he
 arrived at an opening in the wood,
 that presented him with a distant
 view of the lake and it's islands,
 the colours of which where melted
 into each other by the soft light of
 evening.

He had hardly fixed his eyes on
 the prospect, when his dog, which
 had been ranging the gardens,
 rushed across the walk in pursuit
 of some game that it had just start-
 ed. “ Come hither, firrah.” said
 Melmoth angrily, “ violate nothing
 here, on pain of your master's
 displeasure

“displeasure, these are hallowed grounds.” The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman, who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing.

From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman, He immediately rose up: as Melmoth now saw it was too late to retire, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name. and the particulars of his case, assuring him, that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds. “You are welcome Sir,” said the stranger with a smile equally benevolent and polite; “I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem

and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honour."

Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk.

"You have a sweet spot here Sir," said Melmoth, "Yes, Sir," replied the other, "I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments of my taste, it owes all it's beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother's death, has been my only companion in this solitude."

The walk now brought them to a small meadow planted with fruit trees

trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine which covered it.

“ This is my dwelling Sir,” said the old gentleman, “ it has not much elegance in it’s appearance, but”——“ It has more,” interrupted Melmoth “ the venerable appearance of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one.

It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterised our ancestors at least I have always connected that idea with it.”

They were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shewn

into a room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower pieces cut in paper, and with drawings of different views which the country around it afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight's soberest grey: the Bat was taking it's circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped its wings against the casement.

“ You live very retired here, Sir, said Melmoth, Yes, Sir,” said Mr. Hartop, for that was his name; “ but my time is spent so agreeably, in the discharge of the duties of my parish, and in cultivating my daughter's mind, that I dont feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world.”

The

The door now opened and his daughter made her appearance. "Julia, my dear," said her father, "this gentleman intends to honour us with his company to night." Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome, which she always gave to her father's friends.

They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do, when he looked up his eyes met Julia, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of supper, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a desert. The flavour of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten, all the servants

servantsenteerd. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer, and on bended knees; he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervors of devotion,

Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not sleep for Julia, he could not chase her image from his mind. His adventure had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted it's reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole existence was interwoven with her's

As soon as it was light, he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the dew breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared high

in the air, and warbled it's trembling thrilling notes of extasy.

Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet in its mazes through the grove, till he descended into a dingle, where it windened its stream and slept upon its rushes. The trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moon light, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Melmoth sat down on a bank, and play'd a lively air, upon his flute,

It was a piece which he himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of fairies dancing round him to the sound when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up, and looking round, was saluted by Mr. Hartop and his daughter: they had been taking their morning walk, and

and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologized for their disturbance, and invited him to finish the tune.

He took up his flute, and touched a few notes of the voluntary he had heard the night before. Julia blushed. Mr. Hartop observed her confusion, and leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home scene in the pastoral file. In the valley below ran a small river with a mill turning in it's stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side, partly covered with furze, and seamed with a winding sheep walk. In the Woodlands on the right and left, the birds were singing sweetly in concert, and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the mur-
murs.

murs of the water-mill and the tinkling of the wether's bell, Melmoth stood listening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communicated his feelings to his friends. Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled.

It was a favourite scene of hers she had often viewed it, and as often admired it; but she had not known half its beauties till now.

"I hope your little robbin is well this morning," said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house. "Very well Sir," she replied, colouring, "but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honour of your acquaintance." "My daughter," interrupted Mr. Hartop, "has a great affection for the feathered race and they seem to return it with almost
equal

equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of black-birds under her protection, and she visits them I believe, every morning with the greatest anxiety for their welfare,

As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something on the grass-plot at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just time enough to see her favorite black-birds expire at her feet.

“ Here they are,” said she, bending over them with her hands clasped, “ here they are indeed!” As she spoke, she looked up and her heart’s soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses.

He had all the milk of human-kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt something more than the simple impulse of humanity

ty

ty within him, and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub just by, and contemplating with the greatest composure, on the little scene of distress which she had occasioned.

Resentment for a moment flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone, from the walk, to throw at her. "You must not indeed, you must not," said Julia, warmly, "She only pursued the dictate of nature." At these words she lifted her hand to his arm, which was lifted in the action, and the tears which had stood trembling on her eyelids, forced their way down her cheeks; pity's finest strings were then touched, and with her soft and silver sounds, the harsh discordant notes

notes of revenge are never in uniform.

Melmoth shed a tear upon the stone and dropped it to the ground.

Mr. Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to speak,—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted, I cannot tell; if it had been in my power, it should have lasted for ever, I would have fixed it on the canvass.

The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principal topics, Julia was not silent on either: she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste which astonished Melmoth.

“ The

“ The study of music,” said he, “ while it sweetly soothes the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines it’s nature, I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it; though I cannot go so far as a French writer who affirmed, that he who is insensible to its effect has but half a soul.

“ Shakespear’s celebrated assertion is not bolder,” said Mr. Hartop, “ but I think I can confute you all by a single instance. Garrick had no taste for musick.”

“ The Italians,” said Julia, “ are enthusiasts in the art; and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of J. J. Rousseau were tremblingly alive to its powers; and his extreme fondness for it I have heard, appears almost in every page of his works. Indeed

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those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind, in their most affecting scenes. Marmontelle has given to Fonrose his hautboy; Julia de Roubigne has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulines has her lute."

I dont know a sweeter poem in the language, returned Melmoth than the Minstrel. It breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature.

The idea of his reclining at a distance from the village dance, "soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind" is inexpressibly beautiful.

The

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions; and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy trembled in it. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness, and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight.

I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under heaven but herself. Though united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride, an honest pride in the connection; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before.

In

In the evening they sailed on the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to show it was alive. A cormorant was flying over it and fishing; and on the banks, which are steep and shagged with wild shrubs, hung a few goats.

Here and there a grotesque mass of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little shining torrent falling from it's brow; and often through the precipices appears a green lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discovered above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. All these objects were reflected on the blue surface of the lake; and no sooner had the boat pushed off from shore than they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains, passed

passed by in silent succession and changed their figure at every yard. The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape, and Melmoth threw an air of enchantment over it with the soft notes of his flute.

Our voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island and looked into every bay. Every stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left not a second of vacancy, and evening had overshadowed them with her last and deepest shade before they landed.

When Melmoth retired to his chamber and reviewed the little incidents of the past day, the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-

book and penciled on a slip of paper the following lines:

The BLACK-BIRDS.

An ELEGY.

Spring had return'd and nature smil'd
Verdure had crown'd each wood and
vale,

All was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.

'Twas then a Black-bird and its mate
In a seringo built their nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat
With trembling wings and heaving
breast.

Two chirpers soon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love,
The pleasing task the parents share,
And range for food the blossom'd
grove.

Returning

Returning through a shrubby mead,
The gentle pair, with anguish, saw
Their little ones expiring bleed
Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
Deaf to the sweet pathetic sound,
The plund'rer still retain'd her prey.

"Whither, ah, whither, shall we fly?

"Life has no value now," they sung.

"We'll melt the murderer's heart and
"die

"With wings stretch'd fondly o'er
"our young.

When he had finished he thought
something was still wanting;—he
had not paid a compliment to Julia.
He cut his pencil again and again,
but it would not do; the string was

too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair.

In the morning when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title and put it into her bosom with a smile. But the smile betrayed a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy! inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought! Ye alone can tell, ye who can awake such thrilling harmony from that sweet instrument, the human soul ye alone can tell, what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures what magnetic principles operates upon them.

It was not till three years after when Melmoth returned from making the tour of Europe, that he
had

had an opportunity of revisting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried.

Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval; they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved subject of their contemplation: Julia mingled in every idea;—he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand, and instantly set off for Westmoreland.

It was toward the close of the third day when he reached the borders of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the by-path, intending to walk up to the
house

house through the shrubbery that he might surprise them the more agreeably.

When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of the spring. The lilac was in full blow, and the laburnum dropped it's golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the almond appeared above the rest, and were finely relieved by the fresh verdure of their foliage.

Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired when he first walked under their shade; and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench

bench which he sat on where the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step.

When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch and he enquired eagerly if Mr. Hartop was within, "No sir" she replied, "he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave." "whose grave?" interrupted Melmoth in a faltering voice. "Miss Julia's Sir; she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens into the church yard.

Melmoth

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was the cold point of a dagger at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply, his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes he had cherished so long, were now extinguished and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could not open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience, humility, and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned, he burst the gate open and rushed violently through.

As

As he hurried along the path that winded among the tomb-stones his eye looked round involuntary for the objects it most dreaded to fix on; and it soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a little circle round a grave on one side. It was an interesting group, and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures that composed it. They were villagers whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr Hartop stood advanced a few steps before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand.

There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice which shamed Melmoth for his

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weakness—except now and then when a tear stole down his cheek and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man struggling with adversity and rising amidst all its efforts to depress him is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave and looked eagerly in; the frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton, who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment with his foot lifted up on his spade.

Melmoth

Melmoth kept bending over with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin.— Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—he was indeed his world—he had seen her walk— Her eyes now for ever closed; had once! who could not have interpreted their language—had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten paces when his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look. He was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more, for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment—he looked wistfully at the man a

moment, but he had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was tuned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the Parsonage house he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to enquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so unhinged him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined, the year before, by a long and dangerous illness: and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her in a decline.

When

When Melmoth came up to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades which she rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well known voice.

“ Sweet as the shepherd’s pipe
 “ upon the mountains.”

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench and stood listening beside every waterfall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings,

feelings, and he threw himself on a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul.

He looked back on the past and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance, even for a moment with virtue, should have shewn him unworthy of it; but to go abroad to linger so long in a foreign country to seek the society of strangers, while Julia was alive, this betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself.

He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his name cut on the bark of it.—Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia.—The idea
of

of his having wronged her was more than he could bear—every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his penknife, and, wiping, away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his own name.

“ The tree,” said he, “ shall not bear such a memorial of her affection and none of mine.” By the time that he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure and he ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door he found it open, and he stepped into the hall. He waited a few moments for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come, and after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his

his hand, with his eye cast down, in the attitude of meditation.—The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensation he felt then.—When he looked round on the furniture and saw every chair and table, every flowerpiece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom and touched at a thousand points—he trembled, and would have given the world to go back.

He made an effort to speak, but the words he would have uttered was lost.—Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came at last. “ You are come, Sir,” said he, “ to a house of mourning, but I hope you will not repent your visit.”

visit; the obligation it confers is deeply felt.—I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter:”—he paused—“I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all:”—he paused again; nature melted within him at the thought; it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes. He could not “but remember such things were, and were most dear to him”

“But I am not without consolation”, he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the hand to a bible that lay open on the table, “I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again——meet in a better and happier world never, never to be parted.”

He

He cast a look upwards as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. “I was charged,” said he, “to deliver this to you, Sir, as soon as the original was no more. She drew it herself, a little before she died; and in her last moments, she entrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had once wished to be united.”

Melmoth gazed on her miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature till imagination gave it life. He saw again that face with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him, he should see no more; and he forgot, for a moment, that he held
only

only the semblance in his hand. Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve he had was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion: a robin at the instant, flew down to pick up some crumbs that had been thrown on the grass-plot.—He burst into tears.

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe, soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered; and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription marks the spot.

Melmoth immediately returned into the active scenes of life. A

natural

natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, soon dispelled the gloom which hung over his mind; but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and often, in his brightest moments, when the image of his Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

THE

EDWARD

AND

EGWINA

A TALE

FOUNDED, IN PART, UPON A
CIRCUMSTANCE STATED IN
THE EARLY PART OF THE
ENGLISH HISTORY.

IN proportion as refinement
proceeds gallantry encreases. The
reign of the illustrious Alfred was
not more favourable to heroism and
science than to love. His son Ed-
ward possessed a large portion of
his father's virtues; and while he

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fat

sat upon the throne cultivated those arts which Alfred had encouraged.

His heart was susceptible of the tender passion, and of the power of beauty. In one of his excursions he met with a lovely sheperdess, named Egwina. The prince was captivated with her charms. Honour governed his actions, and subjected his desires to the controul of virtue. He wished to exalt her situation, not to debase her innocence. In short he wished her for his Queen.

But this seemed impossible. He returned dejected to his palace; he regretted that high rank, which stood as a bar to his happiness.

He consulted his favourite friend and minister; he urged the beauty the virtue, the genius of Egwina; but all in vain. The reply was, that,

that policy required him to seek a union with some exalted character allied to a powerful and wealthy prince ; and that if he were to place a shepherdess on the throne his nobles would be disgusted, quit his court, and probably proceed by open violence to resent the supposed insult to their dignity.

The prince admitted that what was said was too likely to be the fact, and reprobated that pride, which deemed an alliance with indigent and untitled virtue disgraceful, but he knew the prejudices of nobility were unconquerable. He submitted repining and reluctantly to his fate.

He frequently visited the shepherdess, and her conversation was his greatest delight. There was somewhat mysterious to him in her department and accomplishments,

Q 2

She

She possessed the strictest appearance of innocence without the least embarrassment,

Though plainly attired, she stepped with superior grace, and in every action exhibited courtly propriety and ease. Though her observations were chiefly upon her flocks and rural business, yet she would occasionally surprise the prince with remarks upon astronomy, history, morals, and agriculture, which bespoke a mind informed above the common level;

Thus engaging it was not to be wondered at that very additional visit increased the admiration and astonishment of the enamoured Edward. His passions grew stronger every moment. His dignity was his torture. His friends and flatterers tried in vain to divert his thoughts or alleviate his distress.

The

The greatest beauties of his palace courted his smiles without effect. Their charms served but to remind him of the superior ones of his beloved Egwina.

Nothing induced him to retain existence but the trying task of parting perhaps for ever from his captivating shepherdess. He often thought to ask her for the story of her life but dreaded that the narration would but confirm his misery,

Upon one of his visits he missed her at the accustomed spot, but found a venerable old man attending on her sheep. The prince enquired eagerly for Egwina, and was informed that she was at a neighbouring cottage. She had acquainted her father that she often had a visitor when keeping her flocks in the fields, and from her description
the

the old man conceived the Prince to be the person, and accordingly invited him to their habitation.

Edward for a while threw off his courtly ceremony, and accepted of the invitation. He went on with sorrowing steps, and yet would not have staid behind. The sight of the cottage damped him, but that of its fair tenant cheared his spirits.

He found in the place neatness and rural elegance. He would gladly have parted with his dignity and power. He would have been happy to have changed his sceptre for a shepherd's crook, and his splendid palace for his humble residence.

He was courted to refresh himself, but though the table was spread with healthful rustic dainties, he could not partake of the feast.

Egwina's

Egwina's charms and conversation were his regalement. He derived momentary comfort from the cause of his permanent misery. The old man apologized for the homeliness of his fare, imagining that to occasion the abstinence of his guest; and said, " that once he could have entertained him better, but now he had little more to offer than a hearty welcome."

At these words the hopes of the Prince were raised, his attention was fixed to the story of their fortunes, which he begged the father to relate.

The old man proceeded thus :
 " I formerly was Earl of Morcar. Our family was of Royal descent, and my possessions in land, stock, and herds, exceedingly extensive and valuable- I lived in becoming splendor, honoured by my illustrious

ous

ous, and Royal master Alfred, justly styled the great.

I was beloved by my neighbours, and happy in my family. My estate was situate on the borders of the Scottish lands, and frequently invaded by the Highland plunderers. For a long time my tenants and servants bravely repelled their attacks; but at length increasing in their numbers we were overpowered.

They spoiled and ravaged all our lands, and drove away our flocks and herds, save a small portion with which I hither flew to find security. Here have I since lived, suppressed my title, and passed myself for a poor old shepherd, this my humble but affectionate daughter, the comfort and support of my declining years."

The

The prince struggled to conceal the sweet emotions which he felt at this narration, and asked the old man whether he had ever applied at court for succour in his distress? His question was answered thus :

“ No, my family consisting but of myself and young Egwina, and my desires confined to narrow bounds, by the wise dictates of philosophy, I thought it unjust to ask of my country that support which industry could procure, and thus deprive more useful subjects of their just reward.”

The Prince admired the generous spirit of the venerable sage, told him he had interest at court, that the King wished to see him, and insisted that he and his daughter should hasten thither; which journey after much hesitation they agreed to undertake.

It

It is impossible to describe the transports of young Edward on this occasion. He flew back to his palace, eager to prepare for his expected and welcome visitors. The scene was now changed from the most deep despondency to the most complete joy and felicity. At the appointed time the old shepherd and his fair daughter arrived at court, and having recovered their surprise, the King introduced them in their rural habits. Time and disguise prevented the Nobility from recollecting the Earl, and Egwina had never been seen in public: As companions of the Prince the courtiers were obliged to receive them with civility; but their affected politeness could not conceal their absolute contempt. The court broke up, and the King again engaged in

in conversation with the Earl.

He requested to know whence his daughter derived so much knowledge? to which the Earl replied "From my own poor stock; as she was my sole companion, I thought it my interest, as well as duty, to teach her every thing I knew. She had a comprehensive mind, and easily received instruction."

In a few days the King assembled his courtiers again. He had previously advised with his counsellors on the propriety of marriage with an Earls daughter of Royal descent, and received a favourable answer.

He then introduced the old man as Earl of Morcar, and the shepherdes as his daughter Egwina.
Shame

Shame seized the ungenerous Nobility, but the kindness of the offended parties soon removed their embarrassment.

Matters being duly prepared and settled between the King, the Earl, and his daughter, Edward, now declared his intention of espousing Egwina; and the ceremony was immediately performed. In a few days the Coronation took place and the Royal shepherds lived long, happy, and beloved, the Queen of England.

At her death universal grief prevailed. But the people of those days lived for posterity, not for themselves, and were consoled by the prophesy of a favourite priest [which has proved strictly true] "That

“ That in future times a Char-
“ lotte should arise, that would
“ restore to the English throne the
“ majestic virtue of Egwina.”

THE

R

THE

ORPHAN,

A TALE.

A Young Gentleman of rank and fortune in one of his morning walks through Paris, was struck with the appearance of a beautiful little creature that was earning her daily pittance by traversing the streets for cinders! Notwithstanding she was in tatters, and disfigured with dust, her eyes were brilliant

brilliant and expreffive. The youth was captivated with fo uncommon an object, and his humanity pleaded powerfully in her favour,

What, faid he to himfelf, fhould hinder one of being ferviceable to this unhappy object! Perhaps her perfon might make her fortune; I fhould then make two happy. After this fhort foliloquy, he enquired where her parents lived? She replied I am an orphan Sir; a neighbour took me into her houfe, and I endeavour to get a bit of bread that I might not be fent to the work-houfe.

But you would be much better there than as you are now.

O Sir, one of my companions who is there, fays, ſhe would rather ftarve than be obliged to live in ſuch a place.

R. 2.

Well

Well my child if you like it, I will take care of you in future; I will provide you a mistress, who shall clothe and instruct you in some more creditable business, and all I require of you is, to profit by the expence I shall be at on your account.

The little creature delighted with the offer, begs to shew him her House. He accompanied her to a fruiterer's, where he learnt her docility and application. The poor but industrious woman, had taken care to have her taught, reading and writing; and here he found that this orphan was the daughter of an exciseman, who died in extreme indigence, and that her name was Louisa Passémentier.

Our new Pygmalion, pleased with this information, intimated his views respecting Louisa, [agreed to allow her a certain annual sum
for

for the time she had taken. this orphan into her house, and ordered her to be decently clothed.

The man who has found a valuable diamond incruited with dirt, could not be more overjoyed than the protector of Louisa, when he saw her clean, and under the hand of the mantua maker.

Nothing can make a greater impression upon the heart of a young girl than in taking care of her dress Louisa shewed her gratitude by her looks—her gestures, and the pleasure she felt in seeing the person who had made her so happy. Mr. De M—— was delighted. He signified his pleasure of breakfasting with Louisa and the two women, he then conducted her to a reputable miliner's, where she found a new mistress, that was the model
of

of taste, regularity and good breeding.

Madam, said Mr. De M—— I here bring you a young apprentice. Be not surpris'd she is unaccompanied by a woman; she is an orphan, and I, who am her guardian, am still a bachelor. In placing her under your care and instruction I give you all the authority of a parent.

I resign to you all mine, only reserving that of paying you liberally for your expence and trouble. I wish her to be treated upon the same footing as your own children. I have not a doubt but you will find her worthy your attentions, and that she will love your daughters as if they were her sisters.

In taking his leave he observed to this lady, that he should never desire to see her alone, or to take
her

her out, unless accompanied by her daughters.

This arrangement meeting the entire approbation of her mistress, Louisa was immediately taken into her family and highly cherished.

Mr. De M—— had declined taking with him the fruiterer and mantua-maker, in order that the state of misery might not be known in which he had found this fortunate orphan.

He was some time without seeing his adopted ward, and upon his paying the second quarter for her board, was surprized with her progress. She had already acquired an air which rendered her pretty face still more interesting; and her modesty in seeing her benefactor, gave her additional charms.

Mr.

Mr. De M—— could not help exclaiming to himself, happy Pygmalion! The gods animated thy statue, render them divine honours, and respect their present! He then seated himself opposite to Louisa, and conversed with her in the respectful language of a guardian to his ward, in order to inspire her with an elevation of sentiment. In a private conversation, her mistress said, she was a treasure of beauty, sense, and sensibility.

Louisa, Sir, is all sweetness and condescension. She seems thoroughly sensible that she owes her present happiness to your attentions. Her address is uncommon and gracious; and her docility and comprehension surprizing for her age.— Mr. De M—— left the house in a kind of rapture.—Happy Pygmalion! what a beautiful statue
has

has the bounty of the gods animated by thy care and assiduity!

The following evening he was, somewhat earlier in his visit; and brought with him a pretty present consisting of a pair of ear-rings, a neck-lace, a pair of braceletttes, with a pair of handsome shoe-buckles, inclosed in an etwée made of gold.

I wish Miss Louisa, to give you you an instance of my friendship, by presenting you with these trifles; and by so doing I hope to gain a place in your's.

You have no necessity Sir, to have recourse to such expedients—since the favours I have already received, will never be effaced from my memory.

You are, I believe as good as you are lovely. I often speak of you to Miss Henriette Modclar [her mistresses.

mistresses eldest daughter] she says you are my guardian angel; and were I to tell her all.—

No Louisa, that secret must remain where it is. You must forget it as fast as you can.

Forget it Sir! that's impossible— If I dared to tell you what I think.—

Why not my dear Louisa?

It is Sir, that for some months past on reflecting on the state from which you have taken me, I tremble with horror; particularly so, when I compare it with my present situation.

The reflections are singular for one of your age.

I had a mother, Sir, that was as kind as she was affectionate, and was very capable of bringing me up; and I still remember those things she taught me.

My

My dear little maid—open your etwee, and see what I have given you, [she opens and examines every thing.]

Ah, Sir? This is too fine for an orphan.

If these articles are too fine for an orphan, they are not so for my daughter—yes Louisa it is the name my heart avows; and since I have taken the title of father, I shall most sedulously discharge all its duties. Be therefore free from any inquietudes; your happiness will be a duty and a pleasure to me.

Mr. De M—— admiring the work he had undertaken, could not refrain from articulating.. Heavens! How beautiful is the creature grown! If I had ever seen so lovely an object among the circle of my acquaintance, could I refrain from adoring her?

The

The next day an unexpected affair prevented him from seeing Louisa. He was obliged to set out immediately for one of his estates in the country, where his presence was absolutely necessary. Here he was detained for six months; and during this interval, he received no less than two letters from his ward inclosed in those of her mistresses.

These epistles were couched in the following terms.

Dear Papa,

“ Permit me to complain of your very long absence: I assure you that the day becomes very tedious when I do not see you in the evening. Your visits were but a few instants; but these instants were very agreeable, and much desired on my part. Pardon dear Sir, the liberty

liberty I take, in scribbling upon the letter of Madam Monclar: but she has given me the permission. I am with the most profound respect,

Your dutiful daughter

LOUISA PASSEMENTIER.

Dear Papa,

“ Your having been so kind as to express a pleasure in reading my scrawl, emboldens me to send you a second. Can you my dear Papa, never return to Paris? I often wish I had the wings of a bird, to fly to the place where you are; I should then see you; chat with you for a few hours; and return contented. This idea gives me no small satisfaction, notwithstanding it is ridiculous. You are too much beloved by your daughter, not to regret your long absence; You

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should

should not have been so kind to me nor visited me so often—there—there is a tear for you. I am glad that it has fallen on the paper ; you will see it, and as you are the best of men, it will make an impression upon your heart. I have written this in a very small character, that I might have the more room, but I must stop here in spite of my efforts. I am, with—what I cannot express, dear Papa.

Your's &c."

Mr. De M—— was extremely affected with his ward's attachment. As soon as his affairs were sufficiently arranged, he hastened back to the capital, where he found Louisa in the blooming charms of conquering fifteen. Her beauty now made a forcible impression upon his heart.

He

He felt its powers, and began to feel its consequences. His visits became more seldom, yet he could not divest himself of his feelings. Louisa on her part, became passionately fond of her protector, and as she saw no harm in giving way to her penchant, she expressed herself on all occasions, with a naivete that was irresistibly seductive.

One morning, after a serious reflection Mr. De M—— appeared in the presence of Louisa, with a cloud hanging on his brow. She drew near him, and with an accent of the liveliest concern, said, dear Sir, you seem to have some cause of uneasiness—would to heaven I could relieve you from it——

Louisa, my dear Louisa, it quits me when I see you; but it returns when I am going to leave you.

Ah, dear Papa! do not then leave me.

That's impossible——

No, that is not impossible. I am yours, I only live, I only breathe, but to be instrumental to your happiness.

Lovely creature can a daughter at your age content herself with living in my house.

Why not, Sir? Cannot I live with my papa—if it be necessary for his repose——

Louisa you are too dear to me, that I should so expose your reputation.

My reputation—Sir explain what you mean.

Louisa thou art my child, and yet I dare not take thee under my roof. Hear me, dear Louisa, hear me. I have a name, a title, and a large estate; my rank requires that

that I make an alliance with a family of equal pretensions: and to make a marriage state happy, it is necessary to love the person to whom one is united, and I can love no other woman than my Louisa. This is the reason why I am a prey to inquietude. My Louisa I adore thee—thou art the work of my hands; I have in fact, called thee into existence; and love thee as a father, a brother, and a lover. I shall be wretched without thee; I shall be a monster if I abuse thy innocence; and, if I marry thee, my family will hold me in execration. This is my situation, thou too bewitching creature, pity me; it is all that thy friend, thy too enamoured friend, requests.

During this discourse, Louisa was a prey to a thousand new ideas: she scarce comprehended the language

guage of her protector ; it was, to her a chaos of incoherent sentiments.

Can I possibly make him wretched who has rendered me so completely happy ; Can I then do nothing for him who has treated me as his daughter ! Certainly I can ; but you conceal it from me through a motive of generosity. Will you not then relieve me from this cruel perplexity ?—

Louisa my kind Louisa, my affectionate daughter, since you are the choice of my heart, be tranquilized ; my reason will suggest a remedy for my present situation. Adieu ; I will see you again to-morrow.

Mr. De M—— after this visit was plunged into a painful irresolution.

shall

shall I marry Louisa! My heart says yes; but the world, reason, prudence, the age in which I live put a negative to the measure.

My family, my relations oppose such a union.

Instead of flying from the object of his affection, he resolved to see her every day, and accustom himself to her poison, in order to bid defiance to its malignity. And thus he reasoned: Louisa has a fever; this disorder should then be treated as such.

The beginning is in a manner imperceptible, but the crisis violent in the last degree; after this it diminishes insensibly. I must then suffer with courage; the victory will be crowned with happy consequences, and there will be left no room for repentance!

This

This line of conduct being adopted, Mr. De M—— was regular in his visits; and Louisa was the happiest of women. The passion made a rapid progress in the heart of the guardian; who endeavoured like a philosopher to combat its efforts.

This conduct of the guardian and his ward, soon opened the eyes of Madam Monclar. Louisa made no mystery of her inclinations; on the contrary, all her words and actions; demonstrated the fervour of her feelings.

In his absence, her sighs, her tears, revealed the state of her heart, and her joy was no less conspicuous in seeing him. That bosom virtuous and susceptible, was alive to all the ardour of the most glowing passion, united by gratitude, respect and attachment

My

My dear child, said Madame Monclar, I fear you love too well your guardian. Take care! for this particularly might one day become fatal to your repose.

Ah, madam! that cannot be: for every thing that relates to Mr. De M—— must be instrumental to my happiness.

But child, he may be induced to marry.

If, madam, he should experience his felicity in that state, I shall rejoice in his good fortune, In that case, he might perhaps be induced to make me a companion to his lady, whom I should love with the greatest tenderness.

If these are your sentiments, Louisa, I have nothing farther to say.

This conversation was related to Mr. De M—— word for word.

T

He

He confessed the ardour of his affection, yet was irresolute in the conduct he ought to pursue.

To make her my wife is certainly the noblest procedure—and perhaps the most prudent, since my happiness hinges on the event. But my family—the world—the court will see with different eyes. She has an honest parentage, and if I were but a private gentleman, I could marry her without slander or detraction; as I am now situated, my heirship to titles and distinctions require that I make choice of a woman among the higher order of Noblesse, on one whose riches can cast a veil upon her original obscurity.

Strange and unnatural prejudice! The world will applaud me for espousing the daughter of a vile financier, who has fattened upon the
the

the spoils and exactions of whole provinces; yet the model of virtue and female perfection in a more humble line of life, is deemed unworthy of my regards.

Sir, your conduct to Louisa to this very hour, is that of a man of the nicest honour, consult but your own heart for that is the only counsellor you should—

That heart Madam, will instantly declare in favour of Louisa. But I will consult this lovely creature in person; I will shew her what can be said for and against a measure of this nature; and by this means I shall hear the advice of beautiful nature in all her purity.

Having said this he desired to speak with Louisa in private.

I am come, my dear Louisa, to consult you on an object of the last importance to my future peace

of mind; that object is respecting my marriage. Custom, decorum, my relations all conspire in recommending to my choice a woman of rank and fortune; my heart on the contrary, opposes and attaches me to a young person, who possesses every thing but birth and riches.

If I adopt the first, I shall meet the applause of the world, and I might reasonably expect to figure in the first line, to be of service to the state and my country, and acquire a brilliant reputation. This is not all, my children will one day thank me for the consideration they enjoy among every class of the people.

But with all these advantages, shall I be happy?—I believe not; for the person I adore must and will triumph over my affections.

On

On the other side, if I resolve on marrying that object, what inconveniences must I not experience in the first place, my family will never forgive me. My views at court will be blasted, since the prince will entertain a very indifferent idea of his abilities, who could not resist a penchant for a woman. Thus situated, it remains for me to lead an obscure and retired life. Nevertheless, if I might judge by the state of my feelings, I should insure my felicity, by living with the person that I love. My property is sufficient to procure every conveniency, and even elegance of life, and consequently the union of two hearts under such a predicament, must insure a permanent happiness.

What are your sentiments, my dear Louisa, on this delicate subject.

I should, Sir, be unworthy your esteem. if I in this instance adopted the least disguise, The genuine dictates of my heart are, that you ought to discharge the duties of your exalted station. Leave the unfortunate woman who you love, to your esteem and compassion.

That unfortunate woman is my Louisa.

I know it; but I should be wretched, if I saw my benefactor deprived of the advantage, which he has a right to expect, and to linger out an existence in an inglorious obscurity.

Oh, no; I would not purchase my happiness at so immense a price. I am proud in being the work of your hands, and to merit your

your esteem and confidence will be the first duty of my life. Let me conjure you, then, to enter that career that is pointed out to you by your family and friends: I shall be amply recompenced in the pleasure of saying:

“ This is my honoured guardian
“ to whom I am united by the
delightful ties of love, and grati-
tude.”

My heart will rebound with joy in all your progressive successes. My ardent prayers will be, that of your being married to a lady who might augment your riches, and give splendour to your name.

Well Louisa since these are your sentiments, I am a convert to your doctrine. In future I shall consider you as my daughter. I am proud of this adoption—thou art

my

my chef-d'œuvre and the glory of my life,

Mr. De M—— returned home in a kind of enthusiasm, wonder, and delight. He had scarce entered, when the Countess, his mother, asked him if the report was true, that he had taken a miliner into keeping? He denied the fact; but at the same time candidly related the history of Louisa, suppressing those particulars which prudence naturally suggested: adding, however, that Pygmalion was not more delighted with his statue, than he was in fostering so much worth and goodness.

If continued he, I should marry, I would request the lady to take Louisa under her protection, and treat her as if she was my daughter by another marriage.

I am glad, my son, to learn these particulars, and that you begin to turn your views to marriage, We have a lady in view who is young, rich, and handsome; she possesses a thousand good and amiable qualities.—The personage I mean is Lady De L——.

It is true, madam, I have seen her, and that she appeared very accomplished; but her mother is a terrible character.

It is not the mother you are to marry my son, We will visit them to-morrow. In the mean time I shall be the joyful harbinger to the Marquis, your father.

The day following Mr. De M. was presented to the Countess of L——; and as she was already acquainted with his intentions, he was most graciously received. The young lady was struck with the figure

figure and address of her lover; and in a few weeks the marriage was celebrated with all the splendour imaginable.

Mr. De M—— embraced the first opportunity of speaking to his lady relative to his adopted daughter, who readily seconded his views by requesting he would bring her home as soon as he thought proper.

Lady De M—— received Louisa with every mark of respect and esteem. She was about the same age, lately come from a convent, and therefore considered her visitor as an agreeable companion, without the least mixture of jealousy of her charms, since her person was equally handsome and attractive.

The first eight days this young family passed in the most agreeable manner possible; but this harmony
was

was interrupted by the Countess, who observed the great familiarity that passed between these beautiful women, and taking her daughter aside, said, she was astonished that her husband gave her one of his mistresses for her companion; at the same time menaced, that if this arrangement continued, she should be provoked to sue for a separation.

Lady de M—— astonished at this language, endeavoured to undeceive her mother, particularising very thing that had passed, and the cautions which her husband had taken to prevent the last misunderstanding. She went even farther, and told her, that it was Louisa's advice that determined her protector to marry,

Without doubt, my child, for they concerted together the arrangement

gement which has now taken place; and I positively enjoin you to oppose it in future, otherwise I shall despise you as much as I now do your obscure companion.

Lady de M—— prudently concealed from Louisa this disagreeable scene; but she took the first opportunity of communicating it to her husband. He saw the storm gathering; nevertheless, he begged his Lady to continue her friendship to Louisa, adding, that he would get his mother to clear up matters to the Countess's satisfaction.

In this interval, the Countess plotted the ruin of this innocent creature; and in another conversation with her daughter, she was mortified to hear her declare, that Louisa was a respectable and amiable character, and that she would obey her husband's injunctions in
that

that and all other circumstances. The Countess was transported with rage, left the room abruptly; and as she had a minister among the number of her friends, she obtained an order to take the person of Louisa, and shut her up in prison.

This order, ardently solicited, was obtained, and executed the same day; for before midnight a violent knocking was heard at the door, "de la part du Roy."

The porter ran to inform his master and to take his orders. Lady De M——alarmed for her husband's friend, and knowing the violent temper of her mother, divined the cause.

Sir this unhappiness is terrible for me, and still more for Louisa. This procedure might endanger my felicity—but a thought has just struck me, and you must swear

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before

before I reveal it, you will not prevent its execution. The bearer of the order does not know me, let me therefore assume the name of Louisa.

To morrow they will repent of having issued this unjust and cruel order. Withdraw into your own room, after you have requested the exempt to treat his prisoner with that respect that she is entitled to; and as soon as I am gone, conduct Louisa to some place of security.

Fly to the minister, and tell him that your Lady is taken from you by a Letter de Cachet. You see my design; this is the only expedient to save our friend. At this instant, the officer desired to see Louisa; Lady de M—— requested to know his pleasure. He informed her, that by the king's orders she
must

must accompany them; and they descended together.

Mr. De M—— in the interval, dressed himself, and with a confidential domestic carried off his ward to his mother's. He then flew to the minister, who was just retiring to his bed-chamber. His name was announced; the minister could not see him till after repeated messages: when he complained that his lady, he supposed by mistake, had been taken out of his house, and carried off to some place of confinement.

Sir the order was not for your lady, but for Mademoiselle Louisa Passémentier.

For Louisa, Sir! who had a right, who has dared.

Softly Sir your conduct is highly reprehensive.

I am ready, Sir, to explain to you my conduct, and to demonstrate the iniquity of this violence.

While he was saying this, the minister wrote an order for liberating Lady De M—— and sent a person With him to the Madelonnettes, where they arrived at the same instant with the Countess of L—— his mother-in-law, who was informed of Louisa's captivity. Mr. De M—— trembled at the sight of the Countess, and could scarce repress the violence of his anger.

We shall enter together Madam,

We shall see it presently.

The doors being opened, Mr. De M—— presented his order, and immediately they brought him his lady.

Judge the surprise of the Countess in seeing lady De M—Heavens

what,

what, is it you my child, that is there.

Yes, Madam, and this is my refuge, throwing herself in the arms of her husband. Let us go immediately to Versailles, and implore the protection of the best and most benevolent monarch in the world.

This proposition alarmed the Countess; and turning toward Lady De M—— I had but one daughter, I adored her.

O my dear mother, if you love me let me then be happy. In this union I am completely so, since Mr De M—— is the best and tenderest of husbands; and his ward, so far from diminishing it, encreases my felicity.

She is at this moment ignorant of what has passed, and the extent of my friendship towards her.

But

But, my child, it is indecent to retain about your person the mistress of your husband.

She is not his mistress, madam; on the contrary, she is a virtuous and deserving, young creature, that has gained upon my heart by a thousand good and amiable qualities and I love her with the same cordiality as if she were my sister.

No, this cannot—shall not be—I will move heaven and earth to prevent this shocking indecorum.

Then stepping into her carriage she left them with a countenance that spoke disappointment and revenge.

Mr. De M — and his lady concerted together how to keep Louisa in the dark relative to the wicked stratagem of the countess; and that they might not seem to brave their mother, thought it proper

per that Louisa should remain in her then ignorance and security. The Countess still plotted how she might wreck her vengeance, and endeavoured to get her carried off by a set of villains.

But by the watchful and cautious proceedings of her son in law she was baffled in her scheme. This repeated disappointment rendered her furious; and finding any act of violence impracticable, had recourse to that measure, by which the execrable De-Brinselliers terminated the days of her own father.

She feigned then to be more and more reconciled; she visited her daughter, and made the kindest enquiries after the object of her implacable hatred. This apparent alteration in the Countess, induced them to take back Louisa; and in
the

the course of her visits, she shewed her every mark of attention. At last she invited her to pass a few days at her seat.

Neither Mr. De M—— nor his lady were dupes to this excess of civility. The countess observing that this did not meet the concurrence of her children, requested they would bring her with them the first opportunity.

Lady De M—— was for Louisa's feigning an indisposition; but as she seemed desirous of accompanying them, her wishes in this respect were gratified.

On their arrival, Louisa was received with a thousand caresses; while Lady de M—— who knew her mother's vindictive temper, was fearful of some stratagem.

She therefore cautioned Louisa to eat nothing at table but what she

she helped her to, which she would do in a manner to give no offence; telling her, that she should know her reason at her return; and that if she did not scrupulously attend to it, she would never forgive her. The Countess during the first service did not apparently remark this attention in her daughter; but when the desert was brought in, she presented Louisa with a fine peach, who was going to divide it with Lady De M—— but she opposed it, in giving at the same time another to her daughter.

Louisa, in this moment, had forgotten the caution given her by her friend, and was going to eat the peach that was laying before her.

Lady De M. laughing, snatched it up and gave her her own in exchange. The visible alteration in the Countess

tefs struck Mr. De M—— who, trembling lest his wife should eat the peach, took it up and perceived it had been separated into two parts: This discovery augmented his suspicions, and by a seeming awkwardness let it fall under the table.

The Countess began to recover from her alarm, and the dinner ended without any further accident. Coffee was served up, when the Countess contrived that a particular dish should be presented to her new visitor; but Lady De M—— continuing the pleasantry of helping her friend, let the cup of Coffee slide off the waiter.

This second attempt being frustrated, The Countess could scarce conceal the emotions of her soul. In the interval, a favourite lap-dog was lapping up the spilled coffee.

Mr.

Mr. De M—— was the only person who observed this circumstance, and immediately after the dog was seized with convulsions. The Countess withdrew to her apartment terrified. Lady De M—— fell into a fit—Her husband alarmed, gave immediate orders for their return; when he found the fright had made such an impression on her spirits, that she was soon after delivered, and became the victim of her guilty mother.

The distracted husband flew to the minister, and exposed the abominable proceedings of his mother in law; who, stung with shame, remorse, and contrition, put an end to her existence, by the same guilty means she had administered to others.

For

For two years Louisa, as well as Mr. De M—— was a prey to the blackest melancholy. The grief which the former had shewn on every occasion made so lively an impression on the heart of Mr. De M—— that he thought it his duty to recal her to life and existence.

I have now an heir to inherit my name, and to transmit to posterity my fathers rank and dignities. I can now indulge my affections, in rendering homage to virtue, and in crowning the work I have been so successful in forming. All obstacles between me and Louisa are at an end.

This soliloquy was no sooner ended, than he addressed his amiable ward.

Louisa we have made the sacrifices which the world and our feelings have dictated. Such worth and
goodness

goodness merit every possible consideration—you are necessary to my happiness—and, by a speedy union, I hope to insure yours also.

You can now be no stranger to my sentiments; you know that I ever loved you with the purest affection; I am already united to you by every tie of honour and gratitude—I am, as I always have been, the work of your creation. If you command, I shall make it a duty to obey; but if I was mistress of my own will, I would wait upon the Marchioness, your mother, and say to her: “Madam, your worthy son, my generous protector, is extremely desirous of raising me to the rank of his wife.—It is your commands I wish to follow. From your determination alone, I shall form my future conduct.”

“ I consent, my dear Louisa ; go this instant to my mother.”

Louisa ordered the carriage to drive to the hotel of the Marquis de M— and, as the Marchioness was well acquainted with her son’s wishes and inclinations, she answered her :

“ Mademoiselle Louisa, agreeably to your request, I will instantly decide on your fate. In eight days be the wife of my son—or I will hate you.”

Louisa threw herself at her feet, exclaiming—“ O, my dear and honoured parent ! then can I be supremely happy, without causing any inquietude in your family. You have been already a parent to me by your tenderness and generosity, and now you are going to be so by nature ! Would to heaven I could make any returns for this unparalleled procedure !”

This

This marriage has experienced all the happy consequences naturally resulting from such a union. Louisa, the present Marchioness de M—, is to the Marquis what every woman ought to be, the pupil, the friend, the sensible and accomplished companion; in a word, the counterpart of her husband.

F I N I S.